

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1843.

Original.

REMINISCENCES.

I ONCE heard from the pulpit an affecting illustration of the habit of cheerfulness, as a Christian duty; and though this habit may possibly hold but an inferior place in the catalogue of sacred obligations, yet all my observations of life have led me to the conclusion that it is unquestionably a requisition of imposing force. Cheerfulness is a sort of *light* particularly calculated for domestic use, throwing its "little beams" especially upon those who are shut up with us in the inner places of life; and the cottage, in which it is kept burning, with only a farthing taper beside, is more truly lighted up than the halls where it is wanting with the glitter of a score of chandeliers.

In this view alone, then, unconnected with other effect, and guarded from no holier impulse than the common affections of our nature, it is a lamp to be kept carefully trimmed and fed with oil. But it should be considered in connection with yet higher purposes. It is probably owing to a mistaken view, or an utter disregard of the subject, as evidenced by many a professing Christian, that so much opposition prevails in the hearts of the young—hearts not yet incrustated in the insensibility or obduracy of practical vice—to a religious life. Religion is in itself so exceedingly lovely, so adapted to all the strong needs of the human soul, one would think it impossible that such a heart, unless compounded of the grossest and basest elements, could turn coldly from her influence. Its unquiet and passionate yearnings point continually to her truths, inasmuch as earth has nothing wherewith to satisfy them. And yet thousands believe that, instead of being led by her hand to richer fountains, religion would but bar them from every stream that is pleasant to the taste? Why are they so deluded? Is it not that she appears before them too frequently in disguise? or rather, is it not another influence that often assumes her name, and that bears not the seal and signet of her glorious mission? The bigotry and superstition which colored the religion of a darker age with so lurid a light have indeed passed away. The spirit of our blessed faith, purified and disenthralled from its path of clouds, is out upon the earth, shedding peace and good will to all men, yet many of its professed followers still wear the shadow of its gloomier day. There are doubtless numbers whose faces are veiled in sadness, from the deep humiliation of conscious unworthiness; and even of these, we would venture to ask, were it not a better incense as an habitual offering for the altar of *our* faith, to rejoice over the unspeakable gift of a more prevailing sacrifice. But there are many who seem to regard the downcast look, and the demure step, as essential constituents of

their Christian character. All good influences forbid that, in homage to my favorite virtue, I should forget the yet more imperative and divine one of charity! But when I behold one treading solemnly and austere on his way, with an eye bent to the ground, as having no part or interest in the human joys or sorrows of those around him, afraid to take in the million glad sounds and sights which a merciful God has given to the fair earth, to cheer and strengthen his creatures, I am then in my greatest danger of losing *it*. It was from such as *these* that my earliest views of the nature of religion were derived. Their countenances and manner cast a chill, like ice, on my almost infant heart, and I turned from them to regard all professors as vowed to a crusade against even the most innocent enjoyments. Riper years but rendered the impression more definite. Instead of a benign influence, pouring its radiance into the dark places of the secret soul, as the sun-beam touches into life and beauty the solitary depths of nature, I looked upon religion as a harsh and sternly exacting influence. I thought it deadened every joyous emotion, and narrowed the sphere of human affections—that all thoughts, all feelings, all capacities, were compressed by it into a single dark channel, and all distinctive traits of character blotted into one sombre uniformity. From this disastrous belief I was at last rescued by the influence of one face beaming upon me with the cheerful warmth of Christian love. How do feelings and remembrances long, *long* past, rush back upon my soul as I recall that revered and holy countenance! As the love of a father, yearning over his children, was his for all the young upon whom he looked. Regarding it as an indication among those we every day meet, that in every form of our Christian faith, its vital principle may be found, I take pleasure in remembering that he was of its most austere order—the pastor of a congregation of the strictest Puritan observances. The jostle of the world had thrown me a resident among them in the very flush and spring-time of life; and the irrepressible outbursts of complexional gleefulness subjected me to the perpetual penance of severe rebuke and solemn monition. Circumstances, having no bearing upon my subject, had placed me in a position of extreme difficulty; my spirit grew saddened with the pressure, and the weary want *for* kindness made my heart sick. Dear venerable old man! how didst thou come to me as to a lamb whom no one owned, and draw me to the tender shelter of thy own dwelling!—for the young face, touched with sorrow, betrayed to thee my wounds, and thou needest no other impulse to seek me out but to bind them up. And how did they heal at once when made a sharer of the cheerfulness thou sheddest around thee! Pleasant indeed was thy home, and

cheerful were all the faces it sheltered! And for the first time I learned that the heart of the Christian might be as happy as it was holy.

How vagrant, and how much swifter than lightning is the wing of thought! I thought to pen an essay, and it has led me back to a faded leaf of my heart's history. A leaf!—the remembrances of years—long years come surging over me. Shall I apologize for the wandering or the egotism? The heart is a great babler, and who shall stay the course of the mind? If my reader dislike the irregularities of its path we must needs part company. Yet I will make an effort for better method; I have not yet done with my subject, but will resume it in a different manner.

I said I once heard it illustrated from the pulpit; and could I give the manner of that illustration, as I heard it from lips long since "returned to dust," I need add nothing further. But it is the actor, and not the narrator, of such a scene that makes it *felt*. Nevertheless I will give the details; for, though years have swept over their traces, they are yet distinct on my memory. I was a sojourner in an obscure village in one of our eastern states, when a preacher, then, and after, unknown to fame, passed through it in his way to a distant circuit. Arriving there at the close of the day, he was asked to preach; and the school-house, for at that time there was no church in the village, was early lighted up for that purpose. I had been whiling away the afternoon—what an employment for one hastening to eternity! But so it was. I had been beguiling the tediousness of the hour by that which invariably leaves on the mind a morbid weariness. I was deep in the interest of a fascinating novel, when the lights from the school-house, which was contiguous to my room, gleamed through my windows. I made an effort to lay it by, for I was not insensible to the call of a better influence, but the spell of the sorcerer was strong upon me. I shut my book; but after a momentary struggle with myself resumed it, and forgot the impulse with which it had been closed. The hymn, with which the service commenced, now reached my ear. It was a strain of simple, but sweet melody; and as it seemed to float past me on the stillness of the night air, I felt again disturbed. I at last flung down my book and went to the window. It was an evening, like the thousands that pass by us unmarked, when, if the soul would go out and commune with the silent influences abroad, the rebuking voice of man would be scarcely necessary. An hour it was of most exceeding beauty; and as I stood and gazed out upon it, while the notes of that hymn continued to float past, the chain that had bound my better feelings was broken. I hastened to join those who were on their way to meeting, and was soon seated in the sanctuary. The hymn had ceased, and the voice of prayer, deep, fervid, simple, as of one humbly confident in God, and remembering man only in his character of strong need, was heard in its stead. It reached my heart, and I was at once impressed with the conviction, that whatever the speaker might want of polemic lore or theological

subtlety, his lips had been touched with the living fire from the altars of Jehovah. The prayer ceased, and he rose to his feet. He was a man of some six or seven and twenty years, with a tall, slight, bending figure, and features unmarked by any peculiarity, save their general and singular expression of blended meekness and fervor. His whole countenance, as he rose from his knees, though perfectly serene, was glowing. And when he at last lifted his clear eye from the volume before him to address his audience, it rested on them for a moment with an expression of familiar love—of a feeling of near kindred with one and all of the little assembly—saddened indeed by a sense of their awakened and fallen state, but rendered yet the more earnest, more tender, more binding, more impulsive, for that mournful conviction. And most true to that feeling were the whole tone and spirit of the discourse, or rather the appeal that followed; for it was an appeal, touching, solemn, soul-subduing to all the interests and susceptibilities of our better nature. *Beautiful on the mountains of Zion are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation!* And again and again did these words occur to me, as I looked at the frail and attenuated form that seemed instinct with the fervor and power of his mission. He was not a scholar—that is in the extended significance of the term—but nothing could have been more immeasurably removed from that coarse familiarity of illustration and remark (so much more revolting in the pulpit than elsewhere) than was his whole tone of thought and manner. I had not then been accustomed to extemporaneous speaking, and I listened with delight to the simple illustrations which he drew from the universal fountains of nature. He spoke of the charge of enthusiasm so frequently laid upon the preachers of his sect, and he paralleled their position by a natural and touching figure. He supposed a parent having many sons, and with wealth more than sufficient for all; yet one of them was far away from the home shelter. Parental love called the wanderer again and again, but he returned not. The rest were basking in their father's smile, they gathered around his board, their hearts were glad in his abundance. But the absent one was remembered, and one of them, perhaps the weakest, the most stammering, the least eloquent in his love, is bidden to go in quest of *him*. With his own heart full to overflowing of the goodness of that beneficent parent, he goes and finds his brother in a strange land, a desert country, sick, naked, hungry; yet with the strange perverseness of disease, refusing to return to his father's house. "How will that brother act?" exclaimed the speaker; "Will he tell him coldly, and without emotion, of the joys of that full, glad home? of the love, the deep, boundless love, that waits to receive, to feed, to clothe, to shelter him? or will he not rather fling around him the arms of passionate entreaty, and folding him to his bosom, and weeping over his suffering condition, constrain him, as it were, in the agony of love, back to that father's mansion?"

"Yet who," he added, pausing for a moment, evidently from the intensity of his feelings, "who shall tell what manner of love is borne us by our heavenly Father? Who shall describe the peace and the fullness to which ye shall turn in the household of the Lord? Ye that have known this love, why are ye silent? Why give ye not your testimony of the gladness thereof? Who should rejoice but *he* who hath found a Savior?" How did every word he uttered find an echo in my soul! But he went on more fully to establish the position that it was not merely the privilege, but the duty, of Christians to rejoice continually; to bear about them that cheerful light which should evidence the law of love written in their hearts. "Behold!" he said, "is not love like the light of the sun, which, in its smallest beam, is essentially cheerful? It is the *smile* of the mother, as she looks down upon eyes just opening to hers upon her bosom, that conveys to its sense the first perception of delight; for it is the first link of intelligent love between its nature and her own. Mothers! Christian mothers! be careful through life to preserve that link. Ye know not what ye do when ye appear with sad faces before your children! Be careful that even the faintness of the worn spirit, sinking under the trials and sorrows of life, darken not that smile."

I listened to the speaker so intensely that my very pulse seemed to pause; for the sudden thrill of his voice, and the lowness to which it sunk, so as to be almost inaudible, convinced me that, though he had now waked an instrument of a thousand strings, each one finding an answer in some filial heart, yet that which he had touched was immediately connected with those most thrillingly vibrating in his own. But he went on. "Permit me," he said, still speaking so low that but for the singular clearness of his tones, they would have been lost on the ear, "to tell you the Christian experience of one who was the principal companion of my youth, and of my childhood. He was the eldest surviving child of parents who, during his earliest recollections, were hurried (not by any providential blow) from the comforts of a decent competence to the abyss of poverty. His father was a *drunkard*." The expression, which was evidently uttered with great effort, seemed for a moment to have crushed the narrator. His pale countenance flushed, his clasped hands rested upon the open book before him; he paused, and his eye, for a brief space, took an expression of inward communing. Was his soul busy with once familiar images recalled by that *name* of woe? or did he pray for him of whom he thus spoke? But he resumed; "and the earliest memories of that unhappy boy was the swift blight of all that give joy, and trust, and holiness to the parental shelter. Are there any here who know the sufferings of such a household? Now, God be their helper! He of whom I speak, learned first to feel them, while yet too young to realize them otherwise, in the pale, sad face, and languid step of his drooping and sickly mother. Ye who have garnered up the recollections and feelings of

your childhood, can tell *how* early the cloud upon a mother's brow will cast its shadow upon the heart of her child. Deeper, far deeper, did that son feel the anguished expression of his mother's face (for she was a mother to be devotedly loved) than all the bitterness that want, and shame, and hardship, and the blows of a harsh father gave to his young life. Could he have given comfort to her, all else would have been as nought. But a change at last came over the expression of that sad face. The withering sense of the shame that had fallen upon her had gradually banished her even from the sanctuaries of the Lord; for she could no longer bear the eye of the world. The Methodists were at that time in our states but a small people, a few of the contemned, the poor, the low and the uninformed. Thanks be to God for our simple and loving faith, which puts a new song into the mouth of babes, that carries comfort to the hut of poverty, and triumph to the death-bed of the pauper! Not from the high places of the earth did our Savior call his disciples; but to one of their meetings, which was held in her neighborhood, that mother was finally drawn by a power she might not resist. She went alone; for the tenderness of a mother prevented her taking any one of her destitute children; and thinly was her own delicate and wasting form shielded from the December blasts that blew around her as she went. But the robes of Jesus' love were soon to shelter her! The meeting continued, and greatly did her son wonder, when, after she had been home to see to her little ones and had commended them to his care for the evening, she returned. The hours wore heavily away, and the anxious boy looked out often into the chilly night. A neighbor passed who had left the meeting before its close, and from him he learned, in asking of his mother, that she had become a convert, and was left weeping at the foot of the altar! It fell upon his heart like a blow. In his misguided mind the Methodist religion of all others (and he looked upon all professors with an impression of gloom) was associated with images of exclusive fanaticism. He felt that his mother was severed from his side. She, whose tenderness had been all the world to him, was now devoted to a strange and gloomy service. Her smile, which was singularly rich in its expression, and which, amid all her sorrows, had been sometimes called out by the tender efforts of her child, had always fallen like a flood of sunlight on his nature; that smile he now deemed would fling its warmth upon his chilled heart no longer! He flung himself sadly on his low bed, and as he pressed the youngest babe (which he had laid there to sleep) to his bosom, the big tears gushed through his closed eye-lids till they too were sealed in slumber. He waked not till a gentle voice called his name, and his mother bent over him and kissed his cheek! It was morning, and breakfast was waiting him; and as his mother presided at the humble, and at that time particularly scanty board, he gazed on her face in silent wonder. To his excited and ardent fancy it was as that of an angel—so calm, so happy—so *illuminated* was its expression. Such

full and perfect joy as probably filled her heart at that season, is perhaps seldom permitted to those whose faith is yet subject to the weakness of the "soul's clay tabernacle." But never, from that moment, did those placid features bear the expression of unutterable woe they had so often worn. The fond, soft smile, with which she then looked upon her children, was from that time habitual; and some two years after, her faith was sealed in death. That smile parted not even with the spirit; it was left upon her clay, it was sealed upon the memory of her children! The younger ones were all taken home shortly to her bosom. The son, her eldest, whom that smile directed to its source, is now upon the walls of Zion!"

The narrator was done. Had application been necessary, further utterance was denied him. He had sunk upon his seat; and covering his face, wept long and convulsively. As his spirit received new strength, he at last sunk to his knees, and poured forth the entreaties of a soul mighty in the wrestlings of its love. The hearts around him had been deeply moved, and sobs were heard in many parts of the house. The redeeming spirit of temperance, which has since lighted up the extinguished torch of hope and of affection in many a dark dwelling, had not then gone through our land; and in more than one heart in that assembly, "the chord upon which hung its own sorrows" had been shaken. But a better sorrow had been also awakened, and when the preacher again rose to his feet, and made a last appeal, many pressed forward as mourners for the love of Jesus! At last there came one with a heavy and faltering step; and on this one I looked with a peculiar interest. He was a man of scarcely sixty years, judging from his features; but the vigor which, in many, is scarcely impaired at that age, had, in him, already yielded to decrepitude; his dress was humble to the extreme of poverty; his face and figure evidenced habitual, *deep* drink; but I had recognized him as one recently, and at this time, in the employ, as a day-laborer, of the family with whom I lodged, and I knew him to have been, for some days, entirely sober. I looked at him with a strong feeling of pity, as he bowed his head, so thickly sprinkled with gray—yet without honor—before that simple altar. The preacher was standing among the mourners, and deeply engaged in telling them the way to Him they sought; but as the old man bent his stiffened limbs slowly beside them, he turned instantly toward him with an expression of the most pitying regard: "Now, God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that, even at the eleventh hour, there is yet time to seek the Savior!" The old man groaned heavily, and, lifting his head, which intemperance had slightly palsied, he turned his face, for the first time, to the preacher: "If Christ died for sinners," he said bitterly, "I have great need of him, for I am miserable and sinful. I have almost forgot to pray, though I had once a wife who prayed for me with her last breath." "Father! father," cried the preacher, who had stood gazing at the old man as he spoke, in wordless feeling, but who now

lifted up the loud voice of the irrepressible agony of nature, "father! do you not know me? I am your son—I am William; and blessed, for ever blessed, be my mother's spirit; for her prayers shall at last be answered in your salvation." The son knelt beside the father, and calling upon another to pray for both, he received his bowed form on his bosom, and, reversing the order of nature, poured over his, the fountains of his tears.

I have told all of which I was a witness. But some four years after, I passed through that same village. The log school-house, in which this scene had passed, was gone; a brick building supplied its place, and near it a neat church had also been built. On entering that church on the Sabbath, an old man was pointed out to me sitting near the altar, *clothed and in his right mind*, as the father of the preacher; but I should scarcely have recognized him, in the decent figure and subdued face before me. "I inquired eagerly for the son; he had gone to his reward—the strength of a feeble frame had given way before the overmastering fervors of the spirit."

Z.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

THE sixth day of creation drew near its close. The sun had finished his course, and the gloom of evening began to spread over the earth. The first-born son of creation stood upon a hill in Eden, near Eloah, his guardian angel and guide.

It grew darker and darker about the hill. Twilight rushed to the embrace of night, and threw her dewy robes over hill and valley. The songs of the birds and the noises of the beasts were hushed, and even the air seemed to sleep.

"What is all this?" said the man with a soft and low voice to his heavenly guide.

"Will the young creation disapper, and sink down into chaos?"

Eloah smiled, and said, "It is the repose of earth."

Now appeared the heavenly lights, the moon arose, and the starry hosts followed in splendor.

Man looked upward with sweet surprise, and the angel of the Lord looked with pleasure upon the gazing son of earth. The night was still, and the songs of the nightingale floated in the air.

Eloah touched the man with his staff. He lay down on the hillock and slept. His first dream came over him, and Jehovah made him his companion.

When the morning twilight opened, Eloah touched the slumbering one. He awoke and felt new power and life streaming through him. The hills and valleys rose out of the gloom, the young light came down glittering upon the fountains of the river of Eden, and the sun arose, bringing the day. Man looked upon his new formed wife, the mother of all living. Surprise and delight filled his heart.

"See," said Eloah, "The divine is created out of rest." Therefore shalt thou consecrate this day to rest and devotion.—*Krummacher*.

BEHOLD THE CROSS!

AT the close of the year 1827, I crossed the Alps, with a small party of friends, from Pignerol, in Piedmont, to Briancon, in France. After proceeding to Finistrelle, we furnished ourselves with mules, men, and the other requisites for the journey. Urged by the apparent necessity of advancing on account of the season, when all preparations were duly made, we set forward amidst descending rain, and a wondering crowd.

We soon began to ascend along the ledge of a mountain which opened immense precipices to our view. The road was wholly unguarded, and we were accompanied by the concerto music of a roaring torrent, that foamed along the valley, and the howling winds. Nothing was more obvious, than that our temerity would be repaid by cold, wet, and possible danger. Without adverting to the little incidents of the way, I may simply state that, after some hours of painful march, in which we passed through the small villages of Pourriere, La Rua, and Traverse, we began the ascent of the mountain called Chanal du Col. The rain, as we rose, changed to sleet, and then to snow, the previous accumulation of which rendered our progress slow and difficult. The march of pompous diction seemed consonant with the gigantic scale of the scenery, and we thought of Johnson's description in the Hebrides, "above, inaccessible altitude; below, immeasurable profundity."

The snow was now rapidly deepening, the mountains in succession presenting their formidable ridges, and the pathway gradually disappearing from view, till we found ourselves amidst all the "charms of solitude," and all the sublimities of danger. This was the place, and this the season, for the moral philosopher to portray the higher order of emotions, for the Christian to realize the "terrible majesty" of the infinite and eternal God.

Two hours had brought us to the crisis of our circumstances. Imagine us then, a melancholy train; each on his mule or horse, thickly covered with cloaks or mantles to screen a shivering frame, and enveloped in a snowy fold; imagine us moving like a forlorn hope in rank and file, slowly, silently and apprehensively along the edge of precipices, to which in making the necessary circuit, the trustworthy animal would often, perhaps unconsciously, (not so his rider,) approach within a few inches—ah! slippery, and dangerous, and uncertain footstep! Each hapless traveler now cast a wistful eye at the other; for not a sound was to be heard; not a trace to mark the course was to be seen: the winds were hushed, the flakes of snow fell like the feather in an exhausted receiver, and "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa." Two guides accompanied us, but the sphere of their knowledge seemed to be bounded at this very spot: and after giving the word of command to stop, they began to consult together (an ominous sign to bewildered travelers) on the course to be pursued, professing themselves to be altogether uncertain of the way. It was a

dead calm, and with more truth than prudence, one of them exclaimed, "If the wind rises, we are lost." In fact, it is impossible for any one who has not traversed Alpine regions to conceive of the violence of those gusts which seem to rush like furies between the mountains, as if commissioned to hurl them from their bases.

A few minutes determined us to advance cautiously and prayerfully; for in danger it is natural to call upon God; and the sanctified mind does not merely utter the cry of distress, and seek an interference, which in the hour of safety and comfort was despised, but lifts up believing and confiding thoughts to Him who is recognized as "the hearer of prayer." We may not always experience deliverance from evil; but we may be assured, that through Christ, our advocate and friend, we shall enjoy consolation, and reap improvement.

The moment I have described was one of those of intense emotion, which now and then occur in life, whether of joy or sorrow. Silence reigned, nature frowned, danger threatened. I will not say that the incipient feeling did not arise which suggested the self-inquiry, Was life hazarded for an adequate cause? for to sacrifice it for a small object is sinful, while to yield it to the claims of duty and of God, is the martyr's heroism. But hark! there is an exclamation of surprise and joy. The foremost guide is in extasies! all is well, and the sleeping echoes are roused by "La croix! la croix! voila la croix!" "See there the cross, the cross!" In these bewildering regions it is not uncommon, for the twofold purpose of guiding the stranger, and eliciting a superstitious worship, to fix a large wooden cross on the summit of a hill, or on the edge of a precipice, as well as frequently by the roadside; by which, when the winter snows obliterate the path, some indication of the course may be given. Our guides became instantly aware of our safety, and knew that we should commence the descent.

May not the reader of this narrative compare without any forced application, or inappropriate analogy, his own situation with that of these travelers? Are we not, in fact, all pursuing the great journey into eternity? Have we not missed our way? Have we not departed from God, by wicked works: and are we not universally and individually, in the language of infallible truth, utterly "lost!" The course of transgressors is difficult and dangerous; but the cross, the cross! there is hope, and peace, and safety! Not the cross of superstition, or the cross of temporal safety; not the wood or the tree upon which a Savior was transfixed; but Christ crucified; the blood he shed for the remission of sins; the offering which he presented for a guilty, deluded and perishing world. It is not deliverance from Alpine danger, but from eternal torments; it is not direction to a temporal abode, which may shelter me from inclement skies, or provide the sweets of social intercourse, but elevation to the bliss of heaven, which I obtain by trusting in those merits, embracing that Savior, clinging by faith to that redeeming cross!—*Journal of Travels in the Alps.*

Original.

CALORIC AS AN AGENT.

BY J. M. ARMSTRONG.

If we lay our hand upon a substance which has been heated, we feel the sensation of heat. The substance, or principle, which produces this sensation has received the name of caloric—caloric the cause, and heat the effect. We propose to give some of our ideas of the nature and operations of this agent upon matter. Of its intimate nature little is known. We can only say that *caloric* is a subtil, invisible agent, which pervades all substances in the universe; it has such an affinity, or attraction for matter, that it cannot be entirely separated from it; it interposes itself between the particles of matter, and keeps them from coming in actual contact with each other. It is supposed by some eminent philosophers that the particles of matter are as far separated from each other, in proportion to their size, as the heavenly bodies, and that the spaces between them are filled up by this fluid, or principle. Caloric possesses very different properties from common matter. It has the power to originate motion of itself; in fact, it is never at rest, but is constantly moving from particle to particle, and flying from body to body, from world to world, and from system to system, with a velocity far exceeding that of light. There are good reasons to suppose that it is the agent which conducts light. It, therefore, not only pervades all matter, but all space.

Heat, or caloric, may be said to exist in two states, free and latent. Let us illustrate this. If we take a piece of wood in our hand it does not burn us, although the heat is contained in it, being latent; but if we ignite the wood, combustion takes place, and its latent caloric is given out, and rendered sensible. The atmosphere which surrounds us will afford us a more striking example. It, perhaps, contains more than a thousand times as much caloric as a piece of wood, or any other solid substance; yet it is insensible to us, for the reason that it is held in a latent state; but should the Creator command it to be liberated, the elements would indeed "melt with fervent heat." Caloric is further distinguished by its being repulsive of its own particles.

These being some of the most obvious attributes of its nature, we will now follow it in some of its operations and effects on matter; and in the course of our observations, we may advance opinions, and make deductions entirely different from any yet advanced. At the same time, we hope to show that they are based upon well ascertained facts and experiments. As a general rule, the great Dispenser of all good governs and brings about moral effects by the use of means. It is equally true, in His physical government of the universe, that means are made use of; it is said too "that nature delights in simplicity:" she never employs more agents than are necessary to accomplish her ends. A writer very justly observes

that, "should we be permitted to look into the grand arcana of nature, there would be nothing which would astonish us more than its simplicity."

We, therefore, set out with this proposition, that *caloric is the grand sub-agent by which all the operations of nature are carried on*. We do not expect to follow it in all its operations upon matter, for this would embrace the whole of the physical sciences, and require volumes—neither do we consider ourselves adequate to the task. Caloric may be considered the principle which originates all motion—it is the only principle in nature which possesses force of itself.

The motions of the heavenly bodies will first claim our attention. Newton discovered that the same force which caused an apple to fall to the ground, held the planetary worlds in their orbs. He called it the attraction of gravitation, and demonstrated its laws, but has failed to assign the cause, further than that it was natural for bodies to tend, or draw toward each other. This is erroneous, and contradictory. It may be proper to state here that philosophers generally, in giving to matter its inherent, or essential properties, have run into the same contradiction, by attributing to matter both attraction and inertia. They are diametrically opposed to each other. Attraction gives it power, and inertia takes all power away. Both of these propositions cannot be true. It is said that the earth, at its creation, received from the hand of its Creator a projectile force, which impelled it to move in a straight line. It would have continued to fly in this direction for ever, if some other force had not changed its direction. We are told that the matter of the sun performs this office, or draws the earth toward it, which causes it to move in a curve line. Here matter is made to move matter, and the principle of inertia contradicted. Of the two properties, we shall assume that inertia belongs to matter; but from the foregoing facts we must infer that attraction is not essential to matter, but, like light, a mere accidental property. We must attribute it to the presence or agency of some other principle; and what other agent better calculated to perform this office than *caloric*? Attraction is universal. Caloric pervades all matter, and all space. Attraction is power. There is no other principle but caloric, which possesses force of itself to originate motion. May it not be the cause of the attraction of gravitation? It is a well known fact that a current of electricity, or caloric, will produce attraction. Can it be supposed for a moment that all the different kinds of attractions are produced by different causes? The idea is altogether inconsistent with the order and simplicity of nature. It can be clearly proven that caloric is capable of producing attraction; and for this purpose let us detail the experiments of Professor Mole, a Dutch philosopher of distinction, at Utrecht.

He bent a piece of iron, of several pounds weight, in the shape of a horse-shoe, and wrapped it with several strands of copper wire, which he covered with silk thread. He then connected the ends of the wire with the pole of a voltaic battery, composed of two

very small coils of zink and copper. When the iron, thus bent and wrapped, was immersed in an acid, it rapidly developed a thermo-electric fluid, and very nearly resembled an ordinary combustion. While the heat thus produced was conducted along the wires to the horse-shoe, it lifted a bar of iron attached to its poles, with 150 pounds suspended from it. This experiment, we are told, has been improved upon, until a power equal to 4000 pounds has been created. It is stated that when the action of the battery was interrupted, the power uniformly ceased.

Now, this may be called artificial attraction; and who can doubt that caloric was the agent by which it was produced? The experiment may be explained in the following manner: When the iron was immersed in the acid it was decomposed, its latent caloric given out, which was conducted along the wires and poles of the battery, forming a copious and rapid current. This, then, was the cause of its lifting so prodigious a weight; and we are thus furnished a key with which to unlock the mystery of attraction. A great current of this subtil fluid is kept up between the sun and planets, which holds them in their orbits. This is in accordance with our opinion of the principles of cause and effect. We are persuaded that no physical effect can be produced without the application of physical force; consequently, it would be impossible for bodies to exert an influence upon each other, unless something actually passed from one to the other. This is even true with regard to our senses, no one of which can be affected unless operated upon physically; and in the case of attraction we have (by well founded deduction) shown this something to be caloric. We think that it can be fairly deduced that all the different kinds of attraction are but modified effects of the same cause, and all depend upon the self-originating motions of this invisible agent.

Let us see by what facts we can infer that caloric is the cause of cohesive attraction. We are taught that it is the antagonist principle of this kind of attraction; that it causes the particles of bodies to separate from each other. This we shall not deny; yet we think it not inconsistent with the idea that it also holds them together. We suspect that the facility with which bodies conduct caloric, *determines* the degree of tenacity with which their particles cohere. A stone, for instance, is a much harder substance than a piece of wood, and it is by so much the better conductor of heat. The metals are the best conductors of the substance known, and, as a general thing, their particles cohere with the greatest degree of tenacity. There are partial exceptions to this rule, not enough, however, to destroy the general law. Glass, for instance, is a very bad conductor, yet its particles cohere with considerable force. It will be noticed, however, that those non-conductors which possess any degree of cohesion are very brittle. This may arise from the shape of their particles. We infer, then, that hardness, or the degree of cohesion, depends on two circumstances; the first and primary of which is the facility with which

caloric passes between the particles of bodies; and, secondly, the shape of their particles. An additional quantity of caloric, over and above its natural capacity, admitted into a body, will, of course, cause its particles to separate, and their susceptibility of motion among each other will be increased—it will be rarified, but then its conducting power will be diminished. In this way it may be said to act in opposition to cohesive attraction. This agrees with the well known fact that our most rarified substances are the poorest conductors of caloric. It is a fact worthy of notice that those substances which are the best conductors of caloric gravitate with the greatest force. This is what we should expect from our explanation of the cause of the attraction of gravitation. Substances do not, however, gravitate in exact proportion to their conducting power; they may be affected by other circumstances; density, for instance, diminishes the resistance of the atmosphere. The rule is general, and all the exceptions are but partial. Enough is seen to convince us that cohesion and gravitation are but modified effects of the same cause.

(To be concluded.)

THE PRESENT AGE.

THE Christians of this age ought to feel the amazing responsibility under which they act. The disciples, who lived in the first and second centuries, were charged with duties which were new in the history of man. It was a high privilege to live in the sixteenth century. The men who landed at Plymouth two hundred years ago, felt that the interests of an unknown posterity were depending on their energy and faith. The year 1620 will be for ever an era in the progress of human events—a strongly illuminated point in the records of man's existence on earth. But the men of this generation have come to a period of far greater interest. Not the empire of the Cæsars, simply, is to be planted with the seeds of Christian truth. No undiscovered continent is to be filled with the abodes of free and civilized man. The *field* is the world—the *means*, a combination of moral influence, which is to link together not the tribes of a single empire, but the hearts of multitudes all over the world—the *object*, to purify thoroughly the great mass of human sentiment; to unite heaven and earth—the *promised aid*, the same power who laid the pillars of the sky—the *results*, glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth. A new series of ages is commencing. Now is the spring time of the world. This is the period for noble thoughts and noble deeds. The minds of men are everywhere preparing for a great change. Heaven is opening wide her gates. Hell is moved from beneath. Who is ready to meet the heavy curse of all coming time, for unfaithfulness to his trust? Who is ready to meet the burning indignation of the Almighty? Such a question as is now presented to the Christian world, never agitated the minds of men. On its decision is hanging the destiny of multitudes whom no man can number.—*Professor B. B. Edwards.*

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

THERE is another, a glorious theatre, in reserve for us, even a heavenly; where, with an ear that will never grow dull, a medium that will present no hindrance, a voice that will never break, a body that will bear all pressure of emotion, subjects of infinite variety, extent and grandeur, drawn from God's creative and redemptive acts; a scene, where we may praise him with all the powers of heart and tongue, where we may go on praising him with more and more of skill and enthusiasm and joy.

Therefore, I believe that the scenes of the Apocalypse are not arranged as they are, merely in accommodation to our earthly condition, but are intended to shadow forth to us some points of real analogy between the music we essay to perform here, and the music of the heavenly world, that we may in the future world in fact hear the very choruses, and bear some humble part in them, which John, rapt in the trance of Patmos, heard. The chorus of unnumbered millions, the millions of redeemed sinners will be *sung* and *heard*; and it will be responded to by the chorus of unnumbered millions of angels, and they both will be like "the voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings;" no want, as in Handel's puny orchestra of a thousand performers, of bass deep-toned enough to balance other parts. There, genius, which in this world so quickly finds its limit through want of appropriate facilities, may soar at will; and with faculties unlike those in this world which grow weary and give out, will never need refreshment or repair. There, one shall not grow deaf with Beethoven, nor another die at thirty-six with Mozart, through sheer exhaustion of the body, nor a third expire with Haydn at the sound of cannon bombarding Vienna; but above weariness, confusion and wreck shall sing on and sing on, in sweeter and yet sweeter, in louder and yet louder strains.

"There, no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony,
That through heaven, all spacious round,
Praise to God may ever sound."

And here, there is a solemn thought. Can there be music hereafter in the soul that does not love God? Nay! music and hostility to God are incongruous ideas. The oratorios of heaven will give no pleasure to those in whose hearts the love of God does not exist. If we enter the future state unreconciled to him, then farewell peace, farewell joy; farewell hosannas, halleluiahs, praises; farewell the company of the redeemed, the glorious Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and farewell the chorus of angelic beings; farewell all that can purify and ennoble the soul. That we had enjoyed something of music here, and felt longings of soul for something far beyond what the present state permitted to attain, but which we did hope to reach in that better and more glorious world; this will but aggravate our bitter disappointment. Nay, the capacities of music, the remembrance of earthly enterprise and enjoyment in the

harmony of sweet sounds, will be turned into thorns and daggers of remorse. O, the powers of the immortal mind! its capacities of joy! its capacities of woe!—solemn thought! The heart says, would there were no woe! But reason—conscience—God—says there is. One of the grand choruses of the Apocalypse is, the pæans of rejoicing for the victory of the Lamb over the enemies of his Church. Some of these enemies are the apostate of this world. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever."

WOMAN'S TENDERNESS.

IT has often been remarked that, in sickness, there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart—and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow, rather than light of the sad lamp that watches it—let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait alone and sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient with the dreary task; and, though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all its efforts remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and even no recollection of self. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but, so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ears, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature that at all other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.—*Banim.*

EULOGY.

WOMEN are the Corinthian pillars that adorn and support society; the institutions that protect women throw a shield also around children; and where women and children are provided for, man must be secure in his rights.

Original.
MENTAL SYMMETRY.

BY S. COMFORT.

PROPORTION is an important element of beauty in the works of both nature and art. Order in the succession of events, and proportion in the adjustment of parts, are features in nature too prominent not to attract the notice of the attentive and devout observer of the works and ways of the great Architect and Governor of the universe. "Order is Heaven's first law." It is legibly written on all the visible creation. Its vast importance is seen in the fact that, without assuming the uniformity of nature's laws as the basis of his superstructure, the philosopher would have no fixed point, much less a broad and solid basis, on which to rest his system of either natural, mental, or moral philosophy. The term order, however, is not used in the sense of method in arrangement, but in that of regularity of motion, or succession. Hence, all objects to which the idea of motion, in equal or successive periods of time, can be attached, belong to that class to which the term, in the sense of regularity of motion, or the succession of events, may be applied. Of this idea of order, the revolution of the planets, producing successive day and night, and the regular return of the seasons, are familiar examples.

But symmetry is a feature no less prominent in the visible creation than that of order. Indeed, there is a perceptible connection between them; at least, the contemplation of each is adapted to produce similar emotions in the mind. In nature, how exactly is one thing adapted to another, both as to the relations of time and of magnitude! While there is no confusion or derangement as to order, neither is there disparity as to proportion. This immutable law of being is indelibly inscribed on every material object. In the animal kingdom it may be traced along the whole scale of existence, from the almost microscopic mite through all the intervening series up to the huge Mastadon, or the more recently discovered Missourian, known only by fossil remains. In the vegetable kingdom the same is seen by comparing the dwarfish lichen with the oak, sycamore, or the lofty pine. Not only does the scale of proportion between the different species rise one above another from the lowest to the highest, but the law of symmetry holds equally good with regard to the different and relative parts of the individual example of the same species.

And why may we not look for the same law of symmetry in *man*? In his corporeal nature it is obvious. We have the dwarfish Esquimaux, with all the intervening grades, till the series terminates in the gigantic Patagonian. And though we do not, in every intervening class, nor in every individual of the same class, find the perfect symmetry seen in the best model for the statuary, yet, when left to do her own work, nature seldom fails to conform, with great exactness, to what we have regarded as one of her own capital laws.

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Within the range of a certain though beautiful variety, she seldom if ever violates her own rules of action in her own operations.

But there is another view of the bearing and importance of this law, or principle, worthy of vastly more consideration. It is the application of this element of perfection and beauty, this law of nature, to mind. If it stand out in such bold relief in all material things, have we not reason to look for it also in man, the noblest work of God, and in the mind, the noblest part of man? If we see it so strikingly in his corporeal part, may we not expect to find living and deep traces of the same law in his far more exalted and imperishable part—that which crowns the whole—his intellectual nature? Doubtless, we are authorized to look for it here. To view the mental nature of man, as he was created, is the only view which discovers the perfection of its workmanship. That there was originally not only the utmost harmony between all the different faculties and endowments of the soul, but at the same time the most perfect symmetry between them as a whole, cannot for a moment be questioned, without impeaching both the wisdom and goodness by which this specimen of the Divine workmanship was executed. And that one effect of the "first transgression" was to disturb this pleasing harmony, and to impair this perfect symmetry in all the powers of the soul, is, to the well instructed in the inspired records of his own being, equally certain. Possibly the immediate and continued effect of sin has been more disastrous to the mind by throwing darkness and confusion over the understanding, by disturbing the gentle and peaceful play and balance of the affections, and by blunting and perverting the moral feelings, than to the corporeal system, by inducing feebleness, disease, and death. For these last mentioned evils, or effects of sin, there is no remedy but "the resurrection of the just." But this is not the case with the mind. The intellectual and moral effects of sin may find a remedy during our probation. Indeed, for this special purpose a continued probation has been extended to fallen man. And for this purpose a restoring system is now in efficient and successful operation. This system consists of several distinct parts, as might be inferred from its being a system, which, indeed, is nothing else than the harmony of agencies, instrumentalities, and influences, in one compact and harmonizing whole for the attainment of a certain and specific end. Contemplate this system in some of its parts and bearings. It is not important to our present purpose to describe it by a specific term, provided its nature and design are well understood. Nor do we know any single term which exactly expresses the idea we intend. Education comes nearest; but this is defective. It is specially so in the moral view of the subject. And because education, merely, cannot do that for the mind which must be done for it in order to restore its original symmetry and perfection, it may go far, in some respects, to the accomplishment of this important object; at least, it may pave the way for its attainment—provided, however, education is what it should be in its

character, otherwise it only obstructs the way, and renders the mental disproportion and distortion the greater. To illustrate these important thoughts will be our grand object while we engross the reader's attention with the subject.

To see this in the clearest light, a brief, general view may be taken of the human mind. It is a simple, indefinable, indestructible substance, like its great Author, known only by the development of its attributes or faculties. These we shall comprehend under four classes: faculties of the understanding, those of emotion, those of volition, and the moral faculties. To enter into any proper analysis of either, comes not within our present limits or design. But here we see the province and scope of education. As the term implies, it is to unfold or develop the faculties with which the mind is endowed. And here the immense importance of unfolding them all in due proportion cannot fail to suggest itself. In different minds, special attention must be directed to the development of different faculties, in order that the due proportion of each shall be secured in the symmetry of the whole mind. For illustration, let the reasoning faculty be neglected for the cultivation of the imagination, and the mental symmetry is destroyed. The effect is the same when the judgment or the memory is cultivated to the expense of the imagination. When there is undue attention devoted to the memory, the native resources of the intellect will remain undeveloped. They will remain unknown to the person himself as well as others. He will never depend on himself—he will never be original—he will always be like the borrower, "a servant to the lender." When the indulging of the imagination too far has grown into a settled taste or feature of the mind, the unreal creations of fancy are apt to usurp the empire of the understanding, and dethrone reason itself, bringing the whole mind under a most fickle and despotic tyrant. The person soon conceives a wretched and morbid aversion to patient, cool, sedulous investigation; and "works of imagination," as they are called, are preferred and sought after in preference to sober, solid, matter-of-fact productions. The common, plain scenes of real, nay, but too often those of virtuous, useful life, are disrelished, because they are too tame and too insipid. There is not enough of novelty and of fancy thrown around them; because it is the office of the imagination to invest every thing it touches with not only vivacity but the new and the striking. Nor would it be strange if such a mind should soon become unable to view the mere facts of science and history, or even of religion, in any other light or feeling than one bordering on perfect indifference or positive disgust. How great the want of symmetry in such a mental portrait!

For another illustration take the faculty of volition. The will is regarded as being one of the first principles of action. It is its office to direct and fix the attention, to suspend the judgment till the person has duly deliberated; and when all the evidence in the case is heard and canvassed, and the truth or duty decided,

steadily to pursue the chosen path or object. When this faculty is not duly strengthened, there is neither firmness nor decision of character, nor self-government, but, like a ship without anchor, sail, helm, or pilot, left to the sport of the winds and the mercy of the storm. Without the due culture of this faculty, the mind is pliant, fluctuating, hesitating, stubborn, inflexible, or capricious. But when this holds due proportion with other faculties, the mental symmetry is perfect, the person is seen pursuing that line of consistent and harmonious action which accords with his rational and accountable nature. When this is not the case the conduct is perverse, inconsistent, paradoxical—at one time rash and presumptuous, then exhibiting obliquity and willful delinquency.

Apply the same principle to the affections. They should all be duly unfolded, directed, exercised, and controlled. Let even the more benevolent and amiable be unduly cherished, the judgment giving no direction in the choice of the object, the proper height of the emotion, or the suitableness of the occasion when it shall be indulged, and weakness or extravagance will be the consequence. On the contrary let resentment be indulged without the necessary guards, checks, and restraints of conscience, reason, and self-control, and it will harden into sour repulsiveness, censoriousness, bitterness, if not revenge itself. Let that self-respect which loses sight of our own foibles, frailties, and ill deserts, be cherished, and it will swell into sheer vanity, exposing us to a thousand tormenting mortifications, because the estimation in which others will hold us, though, perhaps, much nearer the truth, will fall far below our own.

Look at the effect, should our anticipations of future good or evil—no matter which—unduly preponderate. In one case we are always apprehensive—the worst aspect of things is always toward ourselves. The shades of the picture become still more sombre by the creations of an active and unchastened imagination, or a skittish and wayward fancy. Such a mind invests every thing it contemplates with its own gloomy hues. Refusing the encouragement the true state of the case really affords, it flings the bitterest herb into the cup of affliction, already sufficiently acrid. But suppose our anticipations of future good are too sanguine, then real contingencies will be overlooked. There will not be due effort to remove such impediments as really interpose. Contrary to the true perspective philosophy, the object will appear larger as it is more distant—we shall feel certain of its attainment in proportion to its remoteness. The consequence most likely to follow is that, instead of the object anticipated, we shall embrace disappointment as to its attainment, or its enjoyment. But when hope and fear are symmetrical, both extremes will be avoided.

There is another view of this subject still more important—it is the moral symmetry of the mind. That every sound mind possesses moral faculties, as well as those of the other classes, is held as being unquestionable. And if any who shall favor these thoughts

with a perusal, really doubt this, all we shall now reply is, we do not write for such readers. But if moral endowments are admitted to be elements in our natures, as much as any others which distinguish our minds, then the importance of their due development follows as a matter of course; because we are then moral no less than intellectual beings. In our original state the moral features in man were as prominent as any others in his character. But now in no other respect is the disproportion greater. And here a cardinal truth presents itself, which should never be forgotten—that it is not in the power of unassisted education, in due proportion, to unfold the moral faculties of the soul. It is only a subordinate instrumentality. An agency more potent must be exerted; and, happy for us, this agency generally anticipates the influence of every other. It is the Holy Spirit. It is proffered and ever present to all who are willing to yield to its restoring influence. Man was not designed to exist in alienation and estrangement from his God. He is not adapted so to exist. And the due development of his moral nature, as we now use the term, includes his restoration both to the Divine favor and image—the restoration of the soul to that mental and moral symmetry in which it was created. This is a point of eternal moment. Here the want of symmetry is seen in too many educated minds. All other faculties are well unfolded. But in this respect, where there should be expansion there is vacancy—where there should be living, moving, breathing, vital strength and action, there is a dreadful moral paralysis. Instead of pure, melting love to God and man, peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, there is nought but unquenched thirst for the supreme good, and a fruitless and disappointed effort to fill a constitutional, moral void in the soul with something besides its God. Restore the symmetry and you reverse the character. Now there is no defect, no despondency. The soul, both mentally and morally, has recovered from its fall. Such a soul vies with angels. They have never suffered the withering and distorting touch of sin. To their perfect examples of mental and moral symmetry it is the privilege of the human mind to enjoy full conformity. But is not this saying too much? Understand us. We do not say—we do not mean, that man shall have an angel's *grasp* of intellect. But why may he not attain as full conformity, in his perfect moral rectitude, to his eternal moral relations as they enjoy? And then, when the fountains of thought, will, and affection, and all the springs of action, are perfectly cleansed, as the great Teacher himself has taught, we shall "do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven;" that is, with as much integrity of principle, and purity of motive—with as much harmony and elevation of affection—with as much fixedness and steadiness of purpose, according to our capacity, as those who worship before the throne. This is our duty—this is our privilege. And will not this be our attainment when every faculty of the soul shall be equally and duly unfolded? This is perfect mental symmetry—this is the glory of our natures, the

source, the sum of our highest happiness throughout our improving and endless being.

But, defective in this crowning excellence, in how many minds do we see a constant tendency to extravagance, delusion, bigotry, or ultraism of some sort. We are pained sometimes to find examples of this in persons on whom the richest blessings of nature, Providence, and grace have been poured with an unsparing hand, and who, but for this defect, might have won for themselves an enviable name and reward for their usefulness in the world. With characteristic integrity, zeal, and benevolence, they seize some principle, doctrine, truth, duty, or mode of doing good, and not knowing where to stop, its nature, no matter what it is, is completely changed into something else. It is removed from its foundation, turned out of its course, or something quite foreign from the original principle or question is foisted in, leading to a result wide from the one in view at the starting point. The mind loses its balance, and a sort of monomania ensues; because truth itself, when carried too far, is turned into or is mixed with error. Right, without regard to circumstances, in a thousand conceivable cases, may easily slide into wrong. Hence, there is nothing more important in tracing a doctrine, principle, or course of moral action, than to know when and where to stop, no less so than to know where to begin, or how to detect and correct any obliquity from the line or path in the procedure. The largest continent has its limits. But if one regardless of this fact heedlessly rush on, he must soon fall over some precipice, or plunge into the billows which break upon the coast. But due mental symmetry would have cured the temerity, and prevented the disaster. Were this a living trait in the character of all minds, how much cruel and unreasonable prejudice—how many wild outbreaks of passion—how much agitation and strife—how many mad and delusive speculations—how many blighting and mournful religious errors of both faith and practice—how much of disappointment, crime, wretchedness, and suffering would be swept from the earth, and banished from human nature! Man would regain the forfeited happiness of Eden—supreme love to his God, and kindest fraternal affection to every fellow creature, however fallen and degraded, would again enkindle in his heart, while his Maker would again look with benign complacency on the noblest work of his hands, and again pronounce it "good."



DECENCY IN DRESS.

WOMEN should not confine their attention of dress to their public appearance. They should accustom themselves to a habitual neatness. So that in the most careless undress, in the most unguarded hours, they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. They will not easily believe how much men consider their dress, as expressive of their characters; vanity, levity, slovenliness, and folly appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

HER SUN SET EARLY.

THE hour was late. I was sitting alone in my little study. The paper on which I had been writing lay spread out before me. My pen rested between my thumb and finger, and I attempted to carry through the train of thought with which I had been occupied. The attempt was fruitless; the wearied mind was unbent, and wandering thoughts chased each other across the brain, till almost perfect chaos reigned within. To revive the exhausted powers and recall the wayward thoughts, I turned to the window and looked out on the night. It was autumn. The moon rode in meridian beauty in the sky, on whose clear blue expanse not a cloud floated. The prospect opening to my eye calmed and soothed my weary mind. The long lines of overshadowing elms adorning the highway were bathed in the gorgeous moonlight; their leaves, "just turning from summer verdure to autumn gray," were motionless, as if spell-bound by night's heavy slumber. The neighboring church shot its snowy spire toward heaven, and on the distant hills and elevations were scattered the cottages and dwellings composing the village. All was silent; not a murmur of human voice was heard; not a leaf rustled on the bough; the rippling of a distant water-fall alone reached the ear. I gazed till I forgot my weariness, and the heart was moved to harmony with the scene.

At length I turned back to my unfinished task, but the page was dim; the train of thought had passed away. Almost unconsciously I revolved the pages of a manuscript record lying on my table: it was my parochial register. My eye fell upon the record of deaths and funerals. A name dear to the heart arrested my careless gaze, and by the mighty though mysterious power of association the scenes and events of by-gone days rose up before the mind. There was something in the hour, something in the state of the mind, and more than all, in the view from my window, at which I had been gazing, that touched and waked the memories of the heart. I yielded to the emotion, and the history I am about to sketch was seen, as when in real life, fleeting before my eye.

The name on that record was that of a young lady fondly loved and deeply lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends. When I first saw her, in the earliest years of my mind, she was just bursting into womanhood. She still retained in every lineament the sweet grace and expression of child-like innocence, though her form and features were rounding into the more mature loveliness of woman. She was as a bud half blown, delicate, and beautiful, whose charms promise yet fuller expansion. Her history was not without interest. She was the daughter of wealthy parents—one of a large family, and had received every attention they could give. But in early life she was visited with lingering disease: it was of the most painful and excruciating kind, affecting one of her limbs so that for a long season she could not put her foot to the ground. In the very spring-time of life, it shut her up from the glad air, the springing flowers, the gay com-

panions, and all the innocent hilarities of youth. Yet she had borne it patiently. The force of the disease had abated, though its seeds still remained in her frame. She had so far recovered that she was again mingling in the scenes adapted to her age and taste. Her youthful spirit had not been broken under her confinement; and, full of buoyant animation, she was the life, the idol of the household. Her early sickness and meek submission had enlisted the sympathies and affections of every one on her behalf; and when restored to health, her cheerfulness and buoyancy riveted these affections more strongly upon her. Thus she became the universal favorite; happy herself, and diffusing happiness round her: like the beautiful rose which opens to the sunshine, and sheds its fragrance on the air.

Her health became so far established that she left home for school. While there, she found new friends, whose affections she won as she had those of the companions of earlier days. Her family hoped she would outgrow all tendencies to the disease from which she had already suffered so much. This hope was strengthened on her return home, after some months' absence, when her health was good, and promised to remain so.

The parents of this young lady were pious; and she had been religiously educated. What her feelings were during her first illness I do not know; but she evidently had that respect for religion, and that general belief in its necessity and importance which are usually seen in children placed from early years under religious influence. She had however no abiding impressions of eternal things till after her return from school. I had been called away from my labors, and was obliged to seek another land, in consequence of the prostration of my strength. During this painful and somewhat protracted absence, God favored my little flock with a season of spiritual refreshing. At this time her mind was affected. Her views of sin were clear and strong, and her impressions of truth deep and lasting. But her views of a Savior's love and power were not as clear and bright; and she hardly dared indulge the hope that she had received the forgiveness of sin, and passed from death to life. In this state of darkness and perplexity I found her on my return to my field of labor. She could never speak of herself without tears. A cloud, not altogether dark, but yet sufficient to obscure the light, seemed to dim her vision. Yet to her friends she was changed, greatly changed. She had lost her love of the gay world, had become constant in the private duties of religion, gave very marked evidence of a tender conscience, and earnestly sought, as the great object of desire, for witness of a real union with Christ. Long and tenderly her friends labored with her; but her mind was dark; she was fearful of self-deception. She seemed, however, slowly to emerge from the cloud, when she removed from my parochial charge, and took up her residence in another town.

During her absence at school she became acquainted with a young man who won her affections, and whose offer of marriage, with the consent of her friends, she

accepted. The course of their love ran smooth. They were well adapted to each other. Her gentle spirit, and timid, quiet disposition formed a delightful contrast to his more active and fearless temperament. He watched her as the gardener watches the tenderest and choicest flower of his parterre, that the sun may not scorch, nor the rain drown it. The months rolled happily on, till the day of their nuptials came. I never shall forget that scene. It is present now. The youthful grace of the bride; so delicate in her form, so child-like in her features, as she stood before me that morning to plight her troth to the man of her choice. Every prospect was fair. It was life's sunniest dream that opened before her. A father's blessing; a mother's warm prayer; a sister's fond kiss; a brother's cordial greeting—all were hers. And the hand she pressed clasped hers in true faith; and the vows she spake were answered by vows sincere as her own. There was no darkness in her sky. It was a morning without clouds; and her face, though an anxious line might be faintly traced as she bade farewell to the home of her youth, told that hope was whispering peace to her soul. Never did I utter a warmer prayer than when I sought the Divine blessing on that fair young bride. And yet there was a shade of sadness on my heart; a secret, unbidden, unwelcome thought that these bright prospects were deceitful—these fair hopes delusive.

I saw her afterward in her new home. She was happy there. Her mind had been relieved of its shades and gloom, so that she had united with the visible Church of Christ. The lurking disease in her frame showed its existence there; and several times, for weeks together, she was confined to her chamber. Her constitution at length sank under these repeated trials. During the last winter she kept house, an aged relative of her husband was an inmate of the family. He had been a minister, and was a spiritual, godly man. Under the infirmities of age and lingering disease he gradually failed till the time of his departure came. In all his sickness, and in the last struggles, faith and hope were strong, and "his end was peace." During his protracted sufferings she had watched over him with unwearied kindness; but the exhausting labor was too much for her feeble frame, and soon after his death her husband took her on a long journey. They traveled among the mountains of New Hampshire. In the midst of this pure air and beautiful scenery her health and strength returned, and he hoped all would be well. But suddenly her old complaint seized her, and she was obliged to stop at a public house in the little village of L—, where she remained, suffering most excruciating pain for several months. The village is beautiful and retired, and the kind-hearted people there did every thing in their power for the young stranger. Her husband remained with her; and her mother, at her earnest entreaty, repaired to the spot, and spent several of the last weeks with her. As soon as she could be removed, her husband carried her to her father's house, who, since her marriage, had removed to the city of B—.

I did not see her for several months. The family

returned to the old mansion, and she came with them. She was feeble and emaciated; beautiful, indeed, but not as on the morn of her nuptials. The glow of health was fled, and every line of her countenance told of severe and protracted suffering. Her mind was still often under a cloud. Many doubts as to her spiritual state agitated her; and rarely did she speak of herself without tears; but not a murmuring word fell from her lips. She meekly bowed to the rod, and submissively drank of the cup her Father gave her. At times, she apparently revived. Her disorder, like all chronic diseases, assumed deceitful aspects; and with something of her former animation she mingled in the family circle. In one of these favored seasons her husband carried her to a neighboring village to see an aged relative, and to enjoy a little change of scene and air. The ride apparently revived her spirits, and she appeared so much better, and so happy in the change of place, that her husband decided to leave her there a few weeks, while he attended to some business in a distant state. Soon, however, the deceitful symptoms changed into the indications of speedy death. I was summoned to her dying bed. It was a solemn scene: there were many trying circumstances; her husband and father were both absent, and she was from home. Yet she uttered no complaint; she desired only to bear patiently all God's allotments; and prayed only that he would give her clear evidence of his presence in the hour of need. I bowed by her bed in prayer, and she herself responded to the petition. The dark cloud was not wholly removed from her mind, yet she did not fear. She trusted, but desired more evidence that her trust was not in vain. After she had lost the power of articulating distinctly, save in broken sentences, she looked up to me, with an expression I can never forget, and whispered, "Did you say any thing?" I answered, "No, I did not speak." "But I thought," replied she, "I heard some one say, the way is sure, the way is sure." "O yes," said I, "Christ is the way, sure and tried." She fell into a drowse, when she started, with the same bright expression on her pale, emaciated features. "I hear some one saying, 'able, able.'" "O yes," said I, "Christ is able, and he is assuring you of his power over the great enemy." After a time she desired to be raised up. I sat at the head of the bed and supported her on my arm. The last struggle came; a dark and fearful struggle. A change overspread all her face. Her eye was upturned with an expression of deepest agony. Every line of her emaciated and pallid countenance was expressive of fear and prayer: and her clasped hands were raised, as if in earnest supplication. Suddenly her hands fell slowly and quietly on her bosom; her eyes closed in peace; her whole countenance was calm; and as a wearied child, she fell asleep. I could not but read in these tokens her spiritual conflict. She was passing the dark valley: heart and flesh failed: in fear and agony she lifted her eye and hand in prayer: the dying breath of supplication was heard, and the end was peace. The mourners had stood hushed amid the ago-

nies of that last moment; but now one whispered to another she is dead, and they wept aloud.

There was one last hope which we cherished: it was that her husband might at least take one farewell look of her face before the grave hid it from his eye. The steamboat was hourly expected, and we fondly hoped he might come. I left the bed of death and passed out of the house to watch the approaching boat. It was one of the loveliest days of summer. The house was beautifully situated on an elevated slope, with a fine lawn in front, which gradually descended to the water. An amphitheatre of mountains in the rear seemed to hem in the little village, while before the house the broad bay, dotted with countless islands and whitened by canvass, lay like a sheet of silver inlaid with emerald and pearl, its sunny waters hardly ruffled by the summer zephyr that played across its surface. I thought how strange, that, amid so much beauty, death should be the universal lord, and sorrow the common heritage. And as I thought of the loved one, whose spirit had just parted from us, with a most soothing power rushed into my mind the words of another departed saint, "If earth be so beautiful, what must heaven be."

The column of smoke, rising above the islands, told the boat's approach, and soon she rounded the point and landed her passengers at the wharf. I saw one leave the shore and pass rapidly toward the house. I was almost ready to exclaim, "It is Mr. —." His person and gait, to my anxious mind, resembled those of the husband, whose coming I so earnestly desired. I even went down to meet him, as he came upon the lawn in front of the house. But it was a stranger—and passing through the stile, he turned toward the village and disappeared.

Our last hope was crushed, and with a sad heart we prepared for the last offices to the dead. The corpse was carried to her native village, and, in the absence of her husband and father, we consigned her to the grave. Men were mourners there, and we mourned for the living as well as the dead.

Should the traveler, who passes through our village, pause by the old deserted sanctuary at the entrance of the principal street, and enter the rude burying-ground, his eye will fall on a large white marble tablet a few steps beyond the gate. A female figure, representing Hope leaning on an anchor, is carved at the top. Beneath may be read the name and age of her whose history I have thus briefly sketched, with the date of her death; and below, an epitome of her life, in the brief and touching lamentation of the prophet, "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Mother's Magazine*.



LIFE.

LIFE is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement: the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till having lost all, we can lose no more.

SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

"It must not be forgotten," remarks Hufeland, "that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and, consequently, that its healthiness or unhealthiness cannot fail of having a very important influence upon our physical well-being."

Every one who is actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in regard to the size, situation, temperature and cleanliness of the room he occupies during the hours of repose, as his parlor, drawing-room, or any other apartment; and yet, how often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old fashioned closet, while, perhaps, in most instances, the best rooms in the house will be set aside for the sole purpose of ostentatious display.

It is all important that the largest and most lofty room upon the second floor, be appropriated for the sleeping apartment, and that it be freely ventilated, during the day-time, at all seasons when the weather is not rainy, or otherwise very humid. There are few houses, the rooms of which are so situated as to render the latter impracticable; and the influence of the practice upon the health of inmates is too important to permit its being neglected from any slight cause.

A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and, unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that pursued in many families, of causing the children, more especially, *to sleep in small apartments, with two or three beds crowded into the same room.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary, in reference to the bed-chamber, than to almost any other apartment.

The practice of sleeping in an apartment which is occupied during the day, is extremely improper. Perfect cleanliness and a sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during cold weather; hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated, and altogether unfit for respiration.

While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the temperature of the bed-chamber should, if possible, never be augmented, under the ordinary circumstance of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for repose, a fire is never necessary, except, perhaps, during uncommonly severe weather; and even then the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

A sleeping apartment, in which a large fire has been kept for several hours previous to the period of retiring to rest, may to many, at first view, present an appearance of the most perfect comfort; it is, however, at the same time a means of very effectually enervating the system; creating an increased susceptibility to the influence of the cold, and thus opening the way to the

attack of some serious diseases, especially of the chest. Happy may they esteem themselves whose means forbid an indulgence in this species of luxury.

A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all; the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes, than that of the latter.—*Journal of Health.*



Original.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

THE friends that gathered round,
Upon that festal day,
Had silently retired,
Each one his way;
And she—alone—in meditative thought,
Learned the sage lessons Retrospection taught.

"'Tis come again, and gone!
My natal day is past!
How swiftly time has fled
This side the last!
It seems as if each day still shorter grew,
And months the years with swifter speed pursue.

"What good within the past
Have I as yet achieved,
Full worthy of the powers
I have received?
What act upon th' entablature of mind
Which may not to oblivion be consigned?

"And now before me spreads
The future's bright array—
The pencilings of bliss,
In prospects gay—
And Hope herself the gilded path adorns,
And strews with flowers a way beset with thorns.

"Yet those who've trod life's path,
Declare those flowers will fade
Before my hands can reach
The sweets displayed—
Or while I grasp the quick decaying bloom,
The treacherous thorns the happiness consume.

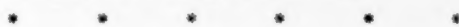
"But yet there is a way
Where life's pure joys increase—
A way of pleasantness—
A path of peace.
The flowers which in that lovely path abound,
Immortal bloom—are ever fadeless found.

"Within a narrow vale
Begins its beauteous course,

Ascending all the way
Toward heaven its source.
Before the throne of wisdom increate
Its bright alluring visions terminate.

"That path henceforth be mine—
Its course will I pursue,
With joyous Hope my guide,
Till heaven I view,
Where on its beauteous, ever vernal plain,
The flowers and fruit of pristine bliss remain.

"Be it my future aim,
As days life's scenes renew,
To do those deeds I may
With joy review—
To live for something worthy of a mind
Immortal in its being—unconfined."



Upon the battlements
Which guard th' imperial dome,
I watched the smile of those
Returning home;
And heard the joyous hail by angels given
As each was welcomed to the courts of heav'n.

Among that happy throng
Was one to me well known;
Whose blissful countenance
Irradiant shone—
A seraph in the happy realms above,
Where all is holy peace and perfect love.

I gazed upon that form,
And felt a kindred glow—
Perfection's charm was there,
Though born below;
*For she who early trod the ways of truth,
Was crowned in glory with unfading youth.*
G. W.



A R A R A T.

THE torrents cease, the waves retreat,
The trembling dove finds rest;
The terrors of the Lord abate,
His mercies stand confest.

Full on the troubled deep no more
The patriarch bends his eye;
Calmly he waits, in heaven's own hour,
The promis'd sign on high.

And lo! to his astonished view
That airy pledge is given,
Dyed in each bright ethereal hue,
Resplendent in the heav'n.

But O! what boon more precious far
Does God's rich bounty yield—
The glorious light of Bethlehem's star
Salvation has reveal'd.

Original.

VOICES OF NATURE.

BY J. G. BLAIR.

"O, Nature! what art thou?—a mighty lyre,
Whose strings are swept by an angel choir;
Whose music attuned by a hand divine,
Thrills a chord in each bosom responsive to thine,
And whose gentler strains as it softly swells,
Southes many a bosom where sadness dwells,
While the joyous and happy, the youthful and gay,
Pluck the flowers from thy garland, and speed on their way."

MISS M. DAVIDSON.

AMID the unnumbered blessings by which a merciful Creator seeks to lure human nature from its wayward folly, none appeals to the heart with more winning eloquence than the beauty of external nature. Gift of the Beneficent, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust, the eloquence of nature, like all the most precious gifts of Heaven, is a fountain of happiness open to all—free to the peasant and the prince. Few seem to be aware how large a portion of enjoyment they owe to the loveliness by which they are surrounded. How often is feverish passion calmed, the spirit beguiled from its ceaseless broodings over sorrows, the iron grasp of despair loosened from the heart! and yet we forget to thank the kindly influence which has fallen like dew upon our spirits, reviving the faded blossoms of peace and hope. The soul is wrought upon by that serene, unsorrowing beauty, like a harp swept by an invisible power—the music of unconscious joy is called forth, but no eye beholds the hand which sweeps the strings. Yet to those who walk amid its wonders with hearts open to instruction, the universe is a magnificent temple, for ever filled with sweet wandering voices—oracles from nature's holy of holies. Every leaf is pervaded with the mysterious principles of life and loveliness—every flower or blade of grass is inscribed with eternal truth. Not alone by those things which have a voice amid the melodies of nature—old ocean battling with his rocks—the howling storm, with its terrible clarion, that seems summoning the spirits of darkness to hurl the universe back to its ancient chaos—the anger of the awakening earthquake—the crash of the thunderbolt—no, nor by the softer voice of the wind amid summer leaves—nor the rill nursing the violet and gentian in the dim forest heart—not by these alone is the spirit of man awakened to lofty thought, or soothed to that repose which refreshes it to struggle once more with the ills of life. Who but has looked upon the softened beauty of earth, perhaps when the last golden hue of evening fell on the mountain peaks, till he felt his heart overflowing with some such joy as the dwellers of paradise might have felt when the gleaming wings and glorious brow of some angel visitant lit their glades! Who but has stood beneath the starry dome of midnight, till he could almost fancy that he heard around him the anthems of those millions of spiritual beings "who walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep!"

3

The glad awakening smile of morning too—there throbs in the wide world no heart which does not feel its influence; from childhood, whose life is all one hymn of joyous thankfulness, to old age, that lifts the covering from his snowy locks, and blesses God that he yet lives, if but to behold the joy of this bright and breathing world. What wonder that the awe-struck fancy of the Greek, as he looked upon the peak of the inaccessible mountain, pictured the dwelling of the thunderer above the cliffs, and gave a genius to each murmuring shade—a guardian dweller to each woodland fountain! He did but give a local habitation and a name to the deep and varied feelings called forth in every heart by the changing aspects of nature—to that indescribable something which speaks from the grandeur of the lovelier earth—to that majestic sweetness in the smile of creation which pencil could never show, though dipped in hues such as tint the sun-set cloud; nor poetry describe, though the poet were a seraph. What human voice can elevate the soul like the silent glory of the eternal hills? What so lull its feverish passions as the dewy breath of eventide? What speak of infinite wisdom and love like the seasons walking their perpetual round in ever-varying beauty? Eloquence! God has not left it to human tongues to declare his glory. His anger speaks in the tempest, purifying while it desolates—his serene and all-embracing love in the bending firmament—his wisdom, his power, his benevolence in the minutest work of his hand. He has written King of kings in the high places of earth, the mountains, and the heavens; and Father in the delicate tracery of every leaf—the delicate chalice of every blossom. Nature! daughter of the Eternal! whatever may be the jarring of man's evil passions, thou hast no discord!—thy realm for ever resounds with lofty melodies, which come to the heart amid the battle of contending passions like music amid the pauses of the storm.

Voices of praise in heaven! from mountain streams,
Leaping with songs of victory to the sea,
To the low welling of a forest spring—
From 'neath some old oak's root—from thundering pines,
That bend reluctant to the tempest's wing,
To the low hymn of summer boughs at eve,
Murmuring like prayer—a ceaseless melody;
Ay! on the far and everlasting hills,
Or the blue desert of the chiming waves,
Or by the fountain flashing in the glade,
Hath gentle Nature loftier, tenderer strains
Than ever echoed to a human hand.
Come in the early summer time, when eve
Rests like a glory on the mountain peaks—
Come to the air, and be thy heart at peace,
To meet the sunshine of rejoicing earth.
A fairy shout breaks forth from all the streams,
Those happy spirits of the leafy vale,
Wandering and singing ever; and from heaven,
With sunny azure on their flashing wings,
Myriads of birds give back a glad reply.
Meanwhile a vesper song the ancient woods
With solemn sweetness wake, like ocean's waves,
When from the tempest murmuring to their rest,
And youth's wild heart long lost in folly's maze,
And manhood weary with his noon-day toil,

Pause in their vain career, and softened give
The welcome offering of repentant love.

Yet hast thou fearful voices, lovely earth!
When summer skies are bluest, and all hearts
Are calm and glad, and fondly dream of peace,
Whence the wild fear that blanches every lip,
And to the heart sends back the dancing blood?
From his long slumber in the halls of night—
The darksome caves of earth—the earthquake springs,
On the strong pillar lays his giant hand,
And shakes the eternal mountains to their base,
While the low murmur of his sullen wrath,
With note terrific, strikes all human ears.
With thunder crash vast cities prostrate fall—
The mountains groan—dread numbs each human pulse,
And from a voice more terrible than this
Old ocean flies in fear!

When wintry winds
Wild sporting laugh through winter's starry vault,
Joyful their voices as the summer bird's;
But when the midnight tempest in his car
Rides o'er the icy hills, and through the sky
Shriek the wild spirits like a demon band,
Young hearts beat wildly By the cottage hearth,
The widow sitting with her little ones,
Hears the wild music of the blast, and deems
The voice some wanderer's, dying on the waste,
And sick with terror bows her head and prays—
Shield him, O, God!

And thou, O, ocean! playmate of the storm!
When shout thy billows with the shouting winds,
Who hath a voice like thine? With sinking heart
The fearful wanderer looks along thy waves,
And sees thee sporting with the giant rocks
That wear thy wreaths and foam, and hears his dirge
In the wild shouting of the reckless song.
Anon thou smookest thy brow, and with a song
Of mournful sweetness murmurest through thy caves,
Or with soft music, and the kiss of peace,
Greetest the sunny shore, and brightly smil'st.
Organ of nature! whence thy ceaseless roll?
Why chafe thy waves for ever with thy rocks?
Mourn'st thou the ravage of thy tameless wrath,
Or sing'st thy fearful triumph, when of old
Thy billows foamed amid the mountain tops,
And freed the green earth from her sinful lord?
Loud roared the waters, 'mid the mountain caves
Echoed thy mighty rocks, while far above,
Lost in the thunders of the ceaseless storm,
Screamed the wild birds, and screaming fell, unheard;
For louder, wilder than the howling wind,
Or the mad dashing of an unchained deep,
Despair's last cry went pealing up to heaven.
So on her pathway, through the azure fields,
Amid her radiant sisters of the sky,
Walks this fair earth, with music—near her hills,
On lofty message bent, the seraph bands
Pause on the wing to list the choral hymn,
And raptured mortal, in a ruined sphere,
To hear a song so like the songs of heaven.

SIMPLICITY, the fairest flower
That once in Eden grew,
Ere Adam felt the tempter's power,
Or good and evil knew.

But re-implanted now in souls
Where heavenly graces shine,
Their every motion she controls
With energy divine.

VOL. III.—23

Original.

THE WIDOW'S GRIEF.

I SAW him sinking day by day,
Beneath the stern destroyer's finger—
I watched the sadness of decay
Which o'er his form began to linger—
I marked his eye, which on my sight
So oft had burst with heavenly beaming—
I saw it change—its gentle light
Was lost in agony's wild gleaming!

I marked his voice, whose sweetest tone,
Of love, to me was always thrilling;
It changed—grew fainter, 'till 'twas gone—
My heart its mournful echo filling!
I could not see him die! but, then,
I kneel'd beside him when he slumbered
The sleep from which none wake again,
'Till earth's mysterious hours are numbered!

I scarce could look upon his face—
Disease had altered so each feature
I found not one familiar trace
Of all that formed and graced the creature!
I could not bear to see him laid
Within his last and lonely dwelling!
I murmured that the God who made
Saved not from darkness so appalling
One lov'd so well! but on they bore him;
And soon the heavy earth closed o'er him!

Weeks, months, even years, have swiftly past,
Since in that *far off* tomb they laid him;
But, O, his form, his eye, his voice,
Are in the cells of memory cherished
As fragments from the wreck of joys,
Which on the sea of life have perished!

How oft beside his grave I sat,
And wept, when none but God was seeing;
Tears, both of grief and joy, befit
The shrine such precious dust concealing—
Grief that his spirit pass'd so soon,
And left my heart in sorrow pining—
Joy that in worlds beyond the tomb
With lustre brighter far 'tis shining!

—•••••
Would any at their Lord's command
Fly from themselves and sin?
His loving arms wide open stand
To take the outcasts in.

Would any fly to cooling streams,
Or in a shelter run,
To hide them from the scorching beams
Of tribulation's sun?

In Jesus happily conjoined,
Let none his aid refuse:
A fountain and a rock we find
For weary pilgrims' use.

MRS. FLETCHER.

The following testimony to the excellent Christian character of Mrs. Fletcher is from Mrs. Hawkes, a lady who was an honored member of Mr. Cecil's Church, and a bright and shining light amongst the female Christians of her day. It is found in the "Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hawkes," a book which should be in the hands of all our readers.—ED.

MRS. JONES and myself set out for Madeley, Thursday, May 15, 1794. We had a pleasant drive, but lost much time on the road, for which we suffered. We reached the house of that honorable Christian, Mrs. Fletcher, about five o'clock. My spirit was awed and humbled, not only by the noble character of Mrs. F., but by the recollection of the sacred roof under which I was. I would gladly have taken my seat at the threshold of the door, for I felt unworthy to advance any further. But I was soon made to forget my wretched self, my attention being turned to better subjects. While in converse with Mrs. Fletcher, I felt that sacred influence which I desire ever to feel. Glory be to our adorable Savior, he condescended to be present with us; and my soul found it a refreshing season. Here indeed the Sun of Righteousness has arisen, and seems to shine continually. Here the Lord giveth rain in its season, and the souls of the inhabitants are like a well-watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. Here is a Christian *indeed*. Alas! what am I! what have I been doing? Surely no more than slumbering, creeping, dragging on in my heavenly journey. Lord, in mercy speak unto me, that I may go forward; and let me run the race set before me.

The first remark Mrs. Fletcher made, was on the shortness of her breath, occasioned by a complaint from which she had long suffered. With an animated countenance she said, "She often thought death could not be far distant. Sometime since," she added, "I had a dangerous illness, which my friends expected would carry me off, and I began to rejoice in the belief that it was my Lord's will I should speedily join my dear friends in heaven. But my disorder taking an unexpected turn, I perceived my time of release was not to be yet, but that God would have me live a little longer; and blessed be his name, I found I had no choice; I could equally embrace his will either for life or death. I felt the will of my God like unto a soft pillow, upon which I could lie down, and find rest and safety in all circumstances. O, it is a blessed thing to sink into the will of God in all things! Absolute resignation to the Divine will, baffles a thousand temptations; and confidence in our Savior, carries us sweetly through a thousand trials. I find it good to be in the balance, awfully weighed every day, for life or death."

She then gave us a wonderful and pleasing account of the Rev. Melville Horne, and read a letter with a history of his voyage to the New Settlement—the storms and dangers he and his wife encountered, and how astonishingly they were preserved from any thing like repining, or questioning the goodness and mercy of God, or his own call of duty in the course he was taking,

notwithstanding the opposition he experienced. They had both given themselves up for lost, expecting the next returning billow to have sunk the ship; and they were waiting and looking for death, not only with composure, but in a spirit of rejoicing: a strong evidence of great faith, especially when all the circumstances were considered. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Mrs. F. remarked, "Then is faith the strongest, when it can lay hold on God at the time every thing seems to go against us; when the way is hedged up with thorns, or, as Habakkuk expresses it, 'although the fig-tree shall not blossom.' Lord increase my faith!"

Speaking of the diseases of my own heart, she replied, "Come to Jesus!" adding, "I feel sometimes as though all I had to say to every body was, Come to Jesus! don't be kept back; if you feel you have done amiss, and have received wounds, where can you go but to Jesus? He has every thing to give that you can want. In every circumstance, in every situation, come freely to your Savior!" But my treacherous memory will not retain the encouraging, inviting, persuasive expressions she here made use of. O, Thou, who alone teachest to profit, write them upon my heart, and bring them to my remembrance when they will be most useful.

After our dear Mrs. Fletcher had prayed with us, we parted. Three such hours I have not spent for a long season. I esteem this interview as one of my choicest favors. O that I may be the better for it!

Among other things she related a dream which had been made useful to one who had grown negligent and slothful in the ways of God.

Went to the Dale to sleep. A most beautiful and enchanting place, abounding with the wonders of nature: but no sight in this world can be half so animating and astonishing, or so beautiful, as that of a true Christian—a new creature—an image of him in whom all the nations of the earth are blessed; a proof of what Divine grace can do.

AFFLICTION.

DEVOTION, like fire in frosty weather, burns hottest in affliction. With the ark of Noah, the higher we are tossed with its flood the nearer we mount toward heaven. When the waters of the flood came upon the face of the earth, down went stately towers and towers; but as the waters rose, the ark rose still higher and higher. In like sort, when the waters of affliction arise, down goes the pride of life, the lust of the eyes, and the vanities of the world. But the ark of the soul riseth as these waters arise, and that higher and higher, even nearer and nearer to heaven. O, admirable use of affliction! health from a wound! cure from a disease; out of grief, joy; gain out of loss; out of infirmity, strength; out of sin, holiness; out of death, life.

Original.

MILLERISM.

MILLERISM, in one aspect or another, seems to be the engrossing subject of the day. We do not pretend to pronounce judgment upon Mr. Miller's system—to do which would require both erudition and sanctity. Sanctity, we say; for what head-way shall a controversialist hope to make, if he come not to the handling of divine things with a clean, pure (purified) heart—a heart free from all other motive than that of searching out and defending God's truth? Yet many affect to treat this question, not as suiting the holiness due to the subject-matter, but according to their own ideas of the derision which is due to the author of the system. And in doing this they are themselves in danger of committing the very fault they would rebuke in him. Whether or not Mr. Miller is mistaken in his calculations and his views, we suppose that at least there might be accorded to him the merit of sincerity, and that the ignominious epithet of "imposter" might be withheld.

Mr. M. is no longer a young man; and he is known to have lived a sober, truthful, God-seeking life. Neither is he of a visionary turn, but one whose only excitement has been in the speculation now in hand—a man whose sobriety of temper, and humble views of this life, should defend him from the imputation of vain glory or self-seeking in the present instance. And it may be observed, amongst the many who condemn him, thousands may be found who go no deeper into the subject than to pronounce against him, because his system accords not with their idea of what is probable. The probable with them is the usual; and could they divest themselves of their self-vanity, they might find that they could give no reason for "the belief that is in them"—at least none from authority.

For ourself we think it not good to speculate in holy things, lest innovations should come—lest that which is pulled apart shall not be made again to adhere; but we would say that, where it does take place, the affirmative of the question, the taking up for the consummation looked to, always impresses us with more respect than the opposite or negative side—the abrogation, as it were, of holy things. Many, too, who study religion not at all, have yet the self-sufficiency to pronounce against certain views of it, as set forth by others. They reflect not that their own belief is of the world's ideas, without a creed of any sort to sustain their one-sided philosophy. Such, we think, should have the modesty to refrain from censure. Others again might be told that it is more creditable to be anxious about religion, though liable to some mistake, than not to be engaged upon the subject at all.

Mr. Miller, though not a learned man in the general sense of the word, is, we hear, a deep searcher of the Scriptures—an earnest seeker after the truth. But, apart from this, his system is denounced as being of disastrous tendency, as shown in the "madness of the people." Of old time, were they not mad, not because they had too much, but too little religion? If Mr. M.

is only revealing the truths (and an able Biblical scholar* has said no one has yet refuted him) of Scripture, why this effect imputed to him? If he goes by authority, that authority is the ground of all its consequences. If not, (we speak with reverence,) why should a man speak louder than God to the people? Is it not good that the slothful should be aroused and awakened? And if in getting thus far on their way they make absurd demonstrations, does it prove any thing else than that these unfortunate people are awkward at religion, that they misapprehend its spirit, and that their mistakes are in consequence of their not having been early enough instructed in the right way? Having been regardless of the subject perhaps all their days, they have now become excited, through their fears, at a date of life when the accumulation of sin is heavy upon them—especially this sin of omission—and in taking up their belief they are counseled by their natural fears, and by their worldly habits of thinking; and they look to the doctrine of retribution rather than to the *remedy* proposed. The Christian atonement seems impossible to the selfish, resentful, unregenerate spirit of humanity; and as babes in grace, they have taken at once too strong aliment for them—it is more than they can bear.

Some cases of insanity have occurred—some few resulting even in death, it is said, in consequence of Mr. M.'s predictions; but if rightly understood, instead of oversetting the mind, it had been steadied by religion. Had the same persons been as apt to believe "Moses and the prophets," perhaps it had not so happened. Yet Mr. M. pretends to be neither prophet nor seer, but only to interpret Scripture readings. And we think it a misnomer that his versions are called *predictions*.

It may be observed that in all great movements there occur some instances of sacrifice. Perhaps these instances mark the leaven of humanity in the principle. "The old Romans had no triumph without a *victim*;" and in the ancient day, even the rites of religion claimed their libation of blood. In the present case it would seem harsh to plead necessity. We respect the sorrow of survivors. But to others we might say, is it not better to have "died" in "the faith," than to have lived without it? and in these instances such seemed the alternative. But these persons were probably predisposed to insanity, and any strong exciting cause would have produced the same effect. Yet had these unfortunate persons, as we have said, been *regularly trained to religion from infancy*—in the compliances required—it surely had not been a startling subject to them—it surely had sustained them, under all and every thing to which they were liable.

The question, then, is, can Mr. M. be fairly blamed for the disorders and deaths that have occurred in consequence of his preaching? That it was a necessary consequence to such as suffered, does not, we think, throw any guilt upon Mr. M.—he certainly never cal-

* Dr. Breckenridge.

culated or desired such an event. In cases of physical life, millions die of predisposing causes, as soon as the exciting principle is presented. This is the course of nature. Now, religious teaching is intended and believed by all to be of healing tendency; and we repeat that we believe it is of an unsound idiosyncrasy that these cases have occurred; and if other causes of alarm had been as great, no doubt the catastrophe had been the same.

But why is the alarm so great? Events, preternatural, have been presented, it is true; but *could* Mr. M. make the case *stronger* than it should be by authority? He has admonished to repentance and preparation. The coming of our Savior upon earth in person were indeed an advent to be looked to with a holy dread—with tremors of the heart; but to his ransomed, with fullness of joy; and Mr. M. has told his hearers that it is in their *will* to be of *these*. The alarm, we think, is so great by sympathy more than by any other extraordinary cause; for where is the great difference to the dying? We read weekly in the columns of the "Advocate," and other papers, of those who have—we believe their testimony—that they have a foretaste of the beatitude awaiting them. We believe the "Comforter" was with them—we believe they were hastening to the judgment—and *they* each one believed it! And where is the very great difference of Mr. Miller's statement? He tells us that Christ is to come—that the world shall be at an end—that the judgment is looked for—that the congregated world shall see and be seen of each other—and that we shall be called to our final doom! But he says that this shall be instant—that it is even now at hand! What then? may not all look for death at any instant of time? and will not that time be to them the end of the world? Must they not then expect the judgment? and will they not then see all the dead that slept?

True, by his statement there is one manifest difference. But it should seem not fearful, but comforting; for the nations of the earth assembled shall be of the living as well as of the dead, and some of the millennial saints should be of our own familiar friends; and by the strong bond of human sympathy our natural hearts should be sustained. After the manner of accustomed reliance should our terrors be soothed, moderated, divided. After all, if we put our trust in God, will he not teach us, even at such a moment, that our terrors are of the flesh—that presently he will deliver us from them, and give us to the participation of a faith that shall endure for ever? Even such a crisis is the hour of death to every one who departs in hope quietly out of the world; and we would suppose it must by all be deemed less terrible to be amidst accustomed friends, sharing at once the general doom, than to go, as we do, and as we must, *alone*—all our ties of earth dis severed—on our journey through the dark valley of the shadow of death; for still

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies."

Yet so awful, so loathful to nature are the rending asunder all the charities of our being, that were the

decree not enforced by *necessity*, nothing could reconcile us to it. Every one will allow that the loneliness of death is its most terrific feature, (in regard to itself alone.) But even for this has the divine economy prepared for us a way, and a *companion*—the comforter and the healer, Christ, and God, our salvation; and the woe of loneliness is left to warn us to our safety. It is to these terms that Mr. Miller's statement would draw our attention. Allowing even that he has made some chronological or arithmetical mistakes, yet he has made no essential mistake. His doctrine is sound—squaring not perhaps with the convertible term "orthodoxy," but grounded in the unchangeable truth of the Scriptures.

It may be remarked that coterminously with Mr. Miller's system there has happened several events of uncommon occurrence, which would seem to point his predictions, yet, if seen apart from them, had, perhaps, had no effect upon the persons now most frightened by them. It might rather be said that his predictions pointed attention to them, than that they have illustrated his preaching. Of being frightened, we once heard an individual (a plain farmer he was) make the striking observation, that "after all, one that claimed to be a *human*, (that was his phraseology,) ought not to be *afraid* of any thing." And we believe there is much in exerting the powers of our own soul, which, with pious submission to God, may be found sufficient for us. We ought to believe that, "As our day is, so our strength shall be."

Mr. M. is, we hear, a plain, unambitious, *poor* man—radically poor—one that intends, in apostolic wisdom, never to be rich. He states, in a publication, that he owns a farm which suffices for the support of his family. And his disinterestedness is tested by the circumstance of his having expended about two thousand dollars from his small means in the "cause" which he believes. That he has no ecclesiastical alliances proves the simplicity of his "scheme."

Never having seen the man, nor yet thinking with him in particulars, we yet believe that he is single-hearted; and we are surprised that his method, which we allow to be ultra, should yet be wholly repudiated of good.

Controversy is said to be the life of the Church, winnowing the chaff from the grain; if so, his preaching may excite to other preaching, and good may come out of the extraordinary movement. Many there be who cannot be reached by common causes, and such may here be addressed. Some must have an alarm bell to warn them to church. And surely all allow that the world is now very bad, and the means that may make some better should not be despised. Surely, those who think that punishment and retribution are now at hand, will be more apt to cherish neighborly charity, to depart from iniquity, and to "flee from the wrath to come." And thus doing, if they behold not the millenium, which they so earnestly desire to see, they may do a much greater thing, namely, assist in producing it.

B.

Original.

LYDIA;

OR THE FIRST EUROPEAN CONVERT.

"And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul."

A GREAT proportion of the apostolical ministry was bestowed upon populous towns and great cities. These were centres of influence, giving character to the surrounding population; and their possession, by the soldiers of the cross, became highly important in subduing the nations to Christ. Guided by the wisdom, and strengthened by the power, which is from above, the apostles and their associates, preaching Jesus and the resurrection, fearlessly planted the banners of the bleeding Lamb in the Holy City—on the citadels of the Cæsars—at the Areopagus of Athens—in voluptuous Corinth, and even the strong holds of idolatry at Ephesus. Obedient to the heavenly vision, Paul, and his companions in travel, loosing from Troas, in Mysia, launched on the blue waters of the Ægean sea, bearing the glad tidings of salvation to the city of Philippi. These were the pioneers, and this the introduction of the everlasting Gospel to Europe. Never was the classic Ægean traversed by such a distinguished embassy. These ambassadors of the King of kings, making no ostentatious display, with the humility and self-sacrificing spirit of their divine Master, bear the white flag of truce—the offer of salvation to the teeming millions of Europe. The frail bark lands on the shores of Macedonia, and these servants of the living God find the field of their future labors lying in the valley and shadow of death, degraded by idolatry, superstition, and vain philosophy. All around them was moral desolation and spiritual death. Altars stained with human gore were to be demolished, immeasurable realms of darkness to be enlightened, and every modification of evil intrenched in the prejudice and depravity of the human heart to be assailed. With a keen vision, the stupendous enterprise is surveyed in all its bearings; but these heralds of redemption, strangers in a heathen city, feel no misgivings of heart. Nothing daunted by the magnitude and difficulties of the work, they enter the city of Philippi. No Christian salutations welcomed their arrival—no door of hospitality was opened for their reception—no voice of kind encouragement sounded in their ears. But that invisible power—that arm of omnipotence which had sustained them in Asia was with them in Europe—they knew it, and they were strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Ordinary travelers, visiting this renowned city, would have gazed upon its greatness and grandeur; but Paul and his fellow itinerants, filled with the Holy Ghost and love for immortal souls, had higher and nobler objects of attention. They sought an opportunity to attack the ramparts of sin with weapons which were not carnal, and it soon was found.

As the Sabbath sun gleamed in beams of silvery brightness on the beautiful waters of the Ægean, they withdrew from the crowded city; for there was no Sabbath, no sanctuary there. They walk on the banks of the Strymos; and here, by the river side, in sweet solitude and silence, they find, of Jewish Proseucha, a place for prayer. In this Gentile city the Jews had no synagogue, no place to worship the God of their fathers, but this retired and humble place, where prayer was wont to be made. As these Christian missionaries approach the hallowed spot, and behold the devout worshipers, joy and thanksgiving fill their hearts. With emotions which the faithful ambassadors of Christ alone can feel and appreciate, they enter the Proseucha, sit down, and Paul preaches unto the women that resorted thither. The description of the auditory is highly honorable to female piety, and will ever remain an interesting monument of the spirituality of the female character, formed in the mold of everlasting truth. Alas! the sons of Jacob were not there offering their heart-felt devotions to God. The enchantments of pleasure, or the shrines of mammon, secured their oblations. But his pious daughters, more faithful and devotional, were at the altar paying their vows, and adoring the God of Israel.

This was the first sermon ever preached in Europe—the great apostle to the Gentiles the preacher, and females the audience. The truth of God was not powerless. The subject of his discourse is not stated; but we are not left to mere conjectures, for this eminent preacher knew nothing among dying sinners, save Christ and him crucified. The cross, and its humbling, but soul-saving doctrines, was his theme; and its heart-conquering influence was salvation to the soul of Lydia, and doubtless to many more. This first convert in Europe is minutely described. Her name is given; and how honored to have her name written in the book of God, so that wherever the sacred Scriptures are read, there shall her history and character be known. The name of Cleopatra is known to a few, compared with the name of Lydia. And more honored still, it is written on the imperishable tablets of the book of life—her record is on high. Her worldly business is mentioned—she was a seller of purple, either of the dye itself, or of articles already colored. Her industry is recorded to her honor, and to show us that a diligent attention to business is not incompatible with the claims and duties of religion. She was none of those described by the apostle, "who learn to be idle, and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things that they ought not." In connection with her calling, amidst its toils and perplexities, she had a heart, and therefore found time to worship God. Religion is not an enemy, but a tried friend to the honorable pursuits of life. Piety, the most enlightened and elevated, is not inconsistent with the obligations we owe to ourselves and the world; it nerves the heart, and strengthens the hand to discharge faithfully the most arduous and important duties of public and private life. Religion throws no obstacle in the career

of virtuous ambition, to secure honor and distinction; it retards not the progress of mind, in its development and culture. The religion of Lady Gray did not cripple her energies in the pursuit of literature. The godliness of Mrs. Rogers did not disqualify her for household and family duties. Nor did the eminent piety of Mrs. Hemans clip the wings of a lofty and chaste imagination; it quenched not the poetic fires of her soul, but it made her a model of human excellence.

Before her conversion she worshiped God according to the knowledge she possessed; but she was a stranger to Jesus and his salvation—to hopes renewed, and sins forgiven. She knew not her exposedness to eternal death, and the rebellion of her heart against God and his holy law. How could she realize her need of that faith that justifies the guilty and sanctifies the vile, till a feeling sense of her guilt and sin should flash conviction on her mind? Her conversion is concisely described. The author of this great work was the Lord—the power exerted was divine. The same hand that laid the foundations of the earth, that gave the sea its bounds, that holds vast worlds trembling on his arm, knocks at the door of the sinner's heart. The salvation of the soul from sin demonstrates, in itself, that its author is God. Who else could be just, and justify the sinner?

The instrumentality employed in the conversion of Lydia was Paul. Under the burning eloquence of this Gospel preacher, relating the story of Calvary, directing ruined sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, her heart melted, its bars were removed, its portals opened that Jesus might be enthroned. How various and dissimilar are the ways of God in opening the hearts of sinners. Paul's was riven as by a livid lightning—a thunderbolt opened the heart of the blaspheming persecutor; but the heart of the devout Lydia was opened as the rose bud, developed in the genial breath of spring. In opening human hearts buried and intrenched in sin, God employs means adapted to the peculiar circumstances and characteristics of the human mind. He has many arrows in his quiver, and abundance of grace for the chief of sinners.

The seat of Lydia's religion was her heart; for the kingdom of God is within us. All short of this is not religion. And when the heart is opened the ear is opened to hear all that God commands, the eye to see the path of duty, the lips in prayer, and the hand in works of mercy and benevolence. God enthroned in the heart, "the expulsive power of a new affection" exerts its energy over the native selfishness of depraved human nature—makes love to God and love to man, the end and aim of all our actions. Under its legitimate influences Lady Glenarthy, and the Countess of Huntington, devoted their ample fortunes to give the Gospel to the poor. Harriet Newell forsook all the endearments of home and kindred, to go far hence among the Gentiles, bearing the unsearchable riches of Christ. What an example of self-sacrificing benevolence was Mrs. Fletcher, from the time she was

exiled from her father's princely mansion, on account of her religion, to the day of her death! Yes, under the influence of grace, every female heart consecrated to God becomes a reservoir of charity, gushing forth its pure waters to fertilize and bless the city of our God.

The effects which the convicting grace of God produced in Lydia are specified. These are striking and important. She obeyed with the heart unto righteousness; for saving faith invariably produces obedience, and true religion is nothing else than obedience to the truth. Her understanding enlightened, knowing the way of God more perfectly, she did not halt and hesitate—at once she makes an open and bold avowal of her conversion, her hopes in Jesus, and her purpose to serve him. She was neither afraid nor ashamed to make a public profession of religion; she had experienced the soul-saving power of the cross, and she takes it up with joy, and bears it, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. What a noble example does this first European female convert afford to every female in Europe and America, giving herself and her household to God!

Her union with the Church was not a fruitless profession. Works of faith, and labors of love, were at once exemplified in her conduct. The friendless and homeless servants of Jesus were no longer such at Philippi. The opened heart of Lydia caused her to open her house for the reception of the men of God. This development of hospitable feeling was not a formal ceremony, for she constrained them. She manifested her gratitude to God by her kindness to his servants. Paul and his companions, after being thrust into the inner prison by the persecuting spirit of the enemies of the cross, delivered by the mighty power of God, went out of the prison and entered into the house of Lydia. Her religion sustained the attack of persecution; faithful and firm she stood, rejoicing in the hope of her calling, and triumphing in the cross of her bleeding Savior.

B. W. C.

PRACTICAL SELF-DENIAL.

SAYS Mrs. Wade, "Our preachers and schools are blessed in the conversion of souls; and *must* we give them up? If we only had the *superfluities* of the Church, without touching one of their comforts, all could be carried on, and even multiplied. We are all trying to economize. The Karens to aid us, offered to go and row our boat on a three day's journey up the river, to visit a Church. We were out fifteen days, and when there, we had to live in an open shed; and when it rained, we had to get up and roll up our beds, and move them to any dry spot we could find; but we had a pleasant time in teaching the Karens, and seeing twelve more baptized. On returning home, we were all most sick from exposure." Can American Christians show that less self-denial, economy, and benevolence are required of them by the Gospel, than of their brothers and sisters whom they have sent among the heathen?—*Macedonian*.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

The following extracts from Moffat's missionary labors in Southern Africa, are from Tait's Magazine. We find them in the American Eclectic and Museum. The occasional remarks which interrupt the narrative are editorial in the above Magazine.—Ed.

MR. MOFFAT'S volume opens with a general view of the condition of the tribes of Southern Africa; and a retrospective history of missions to that division of the great continent. He begins with Schmidt, who was sent forth by the Moravians to the Hottentots upward of a century since. The fascinating history of Schmidt's successful labors has long been familiar to the world. They were suspended by the jealousy of the Dutch East India Company; but fifty years afterward, when missionaries were again sent out, the good fruits of Schmidt's labors were still visible, and his memory paved the way for the favorable reception of Vanderkemp and others. The retrospect of the various South African missions, from their commencement until the period when Mr. Moffat became himself an actor in the scenes he describes, and the principal hero of his own tale, is interesting, though it falls below the personal narrative, both from the tamer nature of the events, and the greater animation of the author, when he comes to be the actor, instead of the chronicler, of those daring and perilous adventures. From the Hottentots the missions were gradually extended to the Bushmen, the Namaquas, Corannas, Griquas, and Bechuanas; the native converts becoming efficient instruments in spreading religious knowledge among their savage and nomade neighbors. In 1806, the Orange river was first crossed by the missionaries, and the mission of Namaqua-land established, under very disastrous circumstances, by the brothers Albrechts. A fierce, predatory chief, named *Africaner*, a name which afterward became familiar and dear to the friends of African missions, was at that time the scourge and terror of the country, but particularly of the Dutch settlers on the frontier of the colony. The history of this noble African is not a little romantic. The first missionaries were ready to despond, and to abandon the enterprise under the many and grievous discouragements; and, among other reasons, from their proximity to this noted free-booter and cattle-stealer. One day this dreaded personage appeared at the station, and thus addressed them:

"As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man." . . . Jager, the eldest son of the old man, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age. He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witsemberg and

Winterhoek mountains, once the strong-holds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aboriginals, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their fore-fathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner, P. found a faithful, and an intrepid shepherd; while his valor in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master, enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterward recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P. treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honorably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed, which quickly followed that melancholy event."

We omit the tragedy, in which the farmer, by treachery, provoked his fate. When the horrible outrage was completed,

"Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange river, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly-scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange river; and afterward, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest."

The subsequent wild adventures of this bold and generous outlaw, carry the imagination back to the days of Johnny Armstrong and Robin Hood, or of the "landless" Macgregor; but his end was of a very different character. The man who lived in continual strife with all around him, whose hand was against every man; whose business was rapine, and whose passion revenge; whose name was a terror not only to the colonists on the north, but to the native tribes of the south; "whose name carried dismay into the solitary places," became an eminent instance of the power of the principles of the Gospel over a mind which, however fierce and untaught, had never been treacherous nor ungenerous. Mr. Moffat relates, that after this great change had taken place—

"As I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other: 'Look,' said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, 'there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I,' patting his chest with his hand, 'have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen,

or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."

Another native chief, with whom Africaner was at deadly feud, was named Berend. Several of their bloody conflicts and cattle forays are described, in which great skill as well as prowess were displayed upon both sides. Theirs were generally drawn battles, and they continued to harass and to breathe hatred and defiance to each other, until Berend also was subdued by the power of the Gospel of peace. Probably both the chiefs about the same time began to perceive the unprofitable nature of their sanguinary quarrels. Of Nicholas Berend, a brother of the chief, and one of his best captains, it is told that he was afterward attached to different missions as a native teacher. He was, says Moffat,

"A very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently traveled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valor in days of heathenism, in which this struggle with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow. Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Bochuap. His end was peace."

Among the earlier exploits of Africaner was sacking the Namaqua mission station, probably for the sake of plunder, but avowedly because some of his property had been unjustly seized by a settler. A conciliatory letter, which John Campbell, when traveling through Namaqua-land, in deadly terror of Africaner, addressed to the formidable free-booter, is said to have produced a powerful effect upon his naturally intelligent and elevated mind. Two of his brothers were converted by the preaching of the missionary Ebner, and were baptized shortly before Mr. Moffat, in 1817, left Cape Town for Africaner's village in the wilderness. He says—

"It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were skeptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my skull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, 'Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster.'"

But we shall see more of this remarkable person. The privations and dangers of the journey to Afri-

caner's village might have interest in the narrative of an ordinary traveler; but Moffat's subsequent adventures far eclipse these early trials of his faith and patience, his manliness and hardihood. His reception by the tamed wolf, and scourge of the desert, is interesting. Africaner had applied for a missionary; but as Moffat advanced, the inhabitants of another *kraal* intercepted and wished to detain him among them, and almost forced him to remain, until the appearance of a party of the chief's people and three of his brothers ended the contest. Moffat's reception seemed cold; and his brother missionary Ebner, who had baptized the Africaners, described the whole inhabitants as a "wicked, suspicious, and dangerous people, baptized and unbaptized." The chief was so long of making his appearance that young Moffat's heart began to fail, but at length Africaner welcomed him with frank kindness; hoped that as he was so young he would live long among them; and he immediately set the laborers, the usual drudges, the beasts of burden, the poor women, to build a hut for the missionary:

"A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. Since that time, I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses, (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation,) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. . . . But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past,—the home and friends I had left, perhaps, for ever; the mighty ocean which rolled between, the desert country through which I had passed, to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night's repose, I often involuntarily said and sung,

'Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come.'

The inimitable hymn from which these lines are taken, was often sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman and myself, while passing through the lonely desert. But my mind was frequently occupied with other themes. I was young, had entered into a new and responsible situation, and one surrounded with diffi-

culties of no ordinary character. Already I began to discover some indications of an approaching storm, which might try my faith. The future looked dark and portentous in reference to the mission."

This was a cheerless beginning, and worse evils were at hand. Mr. Ebner, the missionary at this station, was, from some unexplained cause, on very ill terms with Titus Africaner, and he shortly after this abandoned the station, and returned to Germany, his native land. It is not unfair to conclude that he was not well adapted to a situation so difficult, and requiring so much sagacity; and it appears to have been owing to the presence and influence of Moffat that he at last got away unharmed. The condition of the solitary young man he left was painful in the extreme; and he had not yet made trial of himself. He tells—

"I was left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about £25 per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. . . . Soon after my stated services commenced—which were, according to the custom of our missionaries at that period, every morning and evening, and school for three or four hours during the day—I was cheered with tokens of the Divine presence. The chief, who had for some time past been in a doubtful state, attended with such regularity, that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn, as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace. To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references; but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by

experience that that contained heights and depths, and lengths and breadths, which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature; and he would regard the heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, 'I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects.'

"Before seasons like these to which I am referring, Titus, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, as well as a fearful example of ungodliness, had become greatly subdued in spirit. . . . He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives, and fearing the influence of example, I have occasionally made a delicate reference to the subject, and, by degrees, could make more direct remarks on that point, which was one of the barriers to his happiness; but he remained firm, admitting, at the same time, that a man with two wives was not to be envied; adding, 'He is often in an uproar, and when they quarrel, he does not know whose part to take.' He said he often resolved when there was a great disturbance to pay one off."

This poor man's trials and perplexities with his brace of wives are amusing enough; but in the character of his brother, the once fierce heathen, there is a mild dignity, a noble simplicity, which illustrates the influence of the pure faith of the Gospel better than a hundred homilies. Of him we have this testimony:

"But to return to the character of Africaner; during the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to 'lean to virtue's side.' One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, 'I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe.' He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain. It was, however, found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. . . . At an early period I became an object of his charity, for, finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though

in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace; and though I could not expound to him that the 'sword of the magistrate' implied, that he was calmly to sit at home, and see Bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle, and slay his servants; yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the Gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals, or villages, contending with one another. He who was formerly like a fire-brand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighboring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent any thing like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and pointing to his past life, ask, 'What have I of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?' At an early period of my labors among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested toward me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. 'Just in the same way as you bury your own people,' was my reply; and I added, that he need be under no apprehension if I were called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, but his joy was full, when he saw me speedily restored, and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days.

"In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the mission, especially in the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interest of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot, while defending the place against an unexpected attack made on it by the people of Warm Bath."

After Moffat had labored for a considerable time among the Bechuanas, and had made several distant excursions on objects connected with his mission, he induced Africaner to accompany him on a visit to the Cape, though the expedition was not without danger

to the chief, who for his former marauding upon the settlers was still an outlaw, with 1000 rix-dollars offered for his head. He said, when the journey was proposed, that he thought Mr. Moffat had loved him better than to give him up to the government to be hanged. The affair was for three days publicly discussed; and when it was concluded, nearly the whole inhabitants of Africaner's village—all his subjects, or clansmen—accompanied them to the banks of the Orange River, and parted from them with tears. At Warm Bath, the place referred to in the subjoined extract, there was a mission station, from whence religion and civilization had emanated to the wilds; and on the journey, it is said—

"Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love.

"We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

"Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travelers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony, congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had long since been murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain.

It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were skeptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. . . . I gave him in a few words my views of Africaner's present character, saying, 'He is now a truly good man.' To which he replied, 'I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world: that would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time, we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, 'This, then, is Africaner!' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!' The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors."

WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

I LOVE to see her at the couch of sickness, sustaining the fainting head, offering to the parched lips its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment, treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with every wish of the invalid; disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead, and settling upon it the summer breath of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of constancy and faith! How they appear to the soul, like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, were "dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock."

Original.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

BY MRS. C. A. SEHON.

It is always useful to record the triumphs of religion, whether seen in the lives of the young or the aged. The resolutions of others are thus strengthened, and their hopes encouraged, by all such notices. If it is important and interesting to note thus the conquests of the Redeemer's kingdom in the hour of conversion, it is equally, or perhaps more so, to record the triumphs of Divine grace in a dying hour. When death approaches, when earthly friends and home must be left, how consoling to know that Jesus *can* and *will* support, that his promises will cheer and comfort his faithful followers through the dark valley and shadow of death. It is with the hope of interesting your youthful readers, particularly, and encouraging in them a disposition early to serve the Lord, that I am induced to ask of you for the following, if deemed worthy, a place in the Repository.

ANN ELIZA SUMMONS, daughter of Captain J. B. and Prudence Summons, was born in this city, September 28, 1831, and was, at the time of her death, eleven years and six months old. Her constitution was at best a feeble one, and she was frequently the subject of severe affliction. Her natural disposition was affectionate, lively, and cheerful. It may be said that harmlessness toward all with whom she associated, and strict obedience to her parents, were distinguishing traits in her character. From earliest childhood, morning and evening, her devotions were strictly performed, never suffering herself to lie down at night, or rise up in the morning, without imploring the blessing of God upon herself and every member of the family. Of the Sabbath school attached to Wesley Chapel she was a faithful scholar, also a consistent member of the juvenile class led by brother Neff. Her conversations held with her mother and others were often upon the subject of religion, and were *always* proposed by herself, and evidently with a desire to learn and improve in the things pertaining to her soul's salvation. Last summer, during the illness of her mother, while devoting great attention, and expressing much anxiety for her recovery, this child did not forget to apply to the Physician of souls. When asked, on one occasion, by her mother, where she had been, her reply was, "I have been praying to God for you in the garret. I used, mother," said she, "to be afraid to go in the garret, because it was so dark; but to-day I was not afraid, and have been up to tell God how sick you are, and to ask him on my knees to restore you to health." She added, "I believe you will get well; for God will hear and answer prayer."

Several months since she was severely attacked with inflammation of the lungs, from which she recovered slowly, in consequence of which she was unable to attend her school through the week; yet no inducements could prevail with her to neglect her class or Sabbath school when able to leave the house. On Sabbath, the

12th of March, she was quite sick, and was told she was too much indisposed to venture out; but she could not think so, and was unhappy until permission was given. She accordingly went to class and the Sabbath school she so much loved. On the next day she continued to grow worse, and took her bed. A physician was called, and her disease pronounced measles. Day after day her disease gained ground, until fears by her physician and family were entertained that she could not recover. The father was, at the time, very sick in another bed in the same room, and observed to his wife, "I am afraid Ann Eliza will leave us." This remark she overheard, and spoke in a loud and distinct voice, "Yes, I am going to die, and I am afraid to die." She immediately asked that father Nelson and other friends be sent for to pray with and for her. I called to see her on Saturday. As I entered the room, amid the weeping and sobbing of her parents and family, I could hear this little girl praying to the Lord to have mercy on her and prepare her for death. It was a solemn scene; the father sick, the weeping mother, brothers, and sisters around her bed, and this beloved child, thus early and suddenly called to die, earnestly praying God for victory in death. She called me to her, and asked my prayers, adding, "I shall pray on until I die." Such, also, was her request to father Nelson, her preacher, leader, and all who visited her. On Sabbath I called again, accompanied by a friend; but O how changed the scene! God had blessed her soul—happy in his love. She had been rejoicing and praising God, and exhorting her family and friends to meet her in glory. She was now so much exhausted as to be unable to converse, but was perfectly conscious, recognizing all who entered her room.

On Monday, the day she died, reviving so as to be able to speak, her father, who had been removed to an adjoining room, was brought in to see her once more. As he entered, she fastened her eyes upon him, and reaching out to him her hand, exclaimed, "O, father, I am not afraid to die now. I want you to kiss me, and then tell me if you will meet me in heaven." She repeated the question until her father, overcome with grief, replied, "I will." With a smile she exclaimed, "That is right!" Turning to her mother, after asking her to kiss her, she exacted the same promise; and thus exhorted and made each member of the family promise to meet her in heaven; then addressed each one separately in the room, including her attentive and now deeply affected physician. The doctor remarked to me that, in many years' practice, he had never witnessed such a death—one so triumphant and victorious. Rejoicing and exhorting her friends and acquaintances to meet her in glory, this child thus sweetly and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

Who that witnessed such a scene could doubt the truth of religion, even though in a child, yet so powerfully sustained? Why should it be thought a thing incredible that the Holy Spirit should thus operate upon the heart of a child? Everywhere the Scriptures abound with declarations that will sustain the fact, that

children, at a very early age, may be converted to God; and this case, with many others which have gone before, is presented in favor of the same truth. To Sabbath school instruction, and that received from her leader, may her peaceful and triumphant death be chiefly attributed. May kind Heaven sanctify this affliction bereavement to the great good of her family and friends—to the Sabbath school and class with which she was connected—yea, to all who may read of her triumphant departure!

"Eliza, adieu! in heaven thou reignest now,
And a bright crown adorns thy radiant brow!
No more thine eyes shall be bedewed with tears,
Nor thy young heart distressed by mortal fears—
No more the world disturbs thy spirit's peace—
No more thy comforts droop, nor pleasures cease!
Ten thousand tales of wonder, love, and joy,
In yon blest world, thy blissful hours employ,
And many an angel, pausing on the wing,
With rapture hears thee praise thy Savior King!"

Original.

MEMORY.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

WHAT glowing thoughts come flitting by
At mem'ry's magic spell!
On every breeze we hear the sound
Of voices lov'd so well.
We live again our youthful hours,
Hear each forgotten strain—
Once more we cull life's brightest flowers,
And dream of youth again—
Friends, whom we lov'd, joys that were ours,
Ere sorrow's with'ring blight
Swept each fair scene away from view,
And banish'd all delight—
Our cottage home—the silv'ry brook,
That murmur'd softly by,
Which lull'd our childhood's hours; and yet
'Tis dear, we scarce know why—
A sister's tones steal on the ear—
A mother's glance we see,
And hear her voice, as when at first
She bade us bend the knee,
And taught our infant lips to breathe
The words of holy prayer
To heav'n; for children's orisons
Met with acceptance there.
Thus, thus, the thoughts, the scenes, the joys
Of life's wild, joyous spring,
Sweep o'er the chords of memory,
And wake each silent string.
Though ye are past, bright, happy days,
The loveliness of youth
Still cheers my heart with its pure beams
Of innocence and truth.
But mem'ry still shall brightly burn
Amid the throng so bright,
Who e'er in the blest shades of bliss
Enjoy its sacred light.

Original.
S P R I N G .

BY MRS. O. I. W. BLAIR.

"There's a smile on the brow of the gorgeous spring
When she spreads o'er the valley her radiant wing,
As she calms the wild winds with her fragrant breath,
And decks the glad earth in her beautiful wreath."

O, BID some nobler minstrel touch the string!
What bard hath ever told in fitting strain
How like a new made light the joy of *spring*
Shines through the parted clouds on mount and plain?
And yet thy bidding must not be in vain,
Though choral hymns be blended in the sky,
And though when swept to joy's triumphant strain,
The lyre in low prophetic tones reply,
Or 'neath a feeble touch in mournful murmurs die.

Joy on the hills once more! the ancient earth
Throws off her shroud, and starts as from the tomb:
The hills are echoing to the torrent mirth,
The murmuring air is loaded with perfume,
For hill and vale have burst to sudden bloom.
Where leafless, late, and bare the orchards stood,
Now blossomed boughs the very air illume—
A glow lights up the mountain solitude,
And 'neath its crown of buds how smiles the gray old
wood!

But in this forest land—this wondrous *west*—
This world of death and life, whose oaks have grown
All hoar with centuries above the breasts
Of tribes who perished ere their seeds were sown.
What untold radiance on this land is thrown,
Yet softer than the hues of sun-set hours,
Or hills arrayed for autumn's stormy throne!
But not a poet's dream of Eden's bowers
Is fair as yonder vale, gay with its orchard flowers.

Come to the height, for health is in the air,
And melody with beauty courts the sense.
There are no hues to paint a scene so fair—
No words to tell of spring's magnificence;
But plain and valley shalt thou view from thence,
The springing blade that tells of autumn's store,
The verdure stealing o'er the forest dense,
And children laughing by the poor man's door,
'Neath gleaming boughs that cast their shadows on his
floor.

Yet while the waves their ceaseless anthems roll,
And silvery voices ring from glade to glade,
Man shrinks with care-worn brow and trembling soul;
He hears his Maker's voice, and is afraid.
O, lost, yet loved, self-exiled, self-betrayed—
His own worst foe, while heaven and earth combine
To break the unhallowed spell upon him laid!
O, man, couldst thou but feel thy birth divine,
Amid the songs of heaven what strain could equal thine!

There are no tears in heaven, 'tis said, I know:
If e'er its place our wearied spirits bless—

Its dangers past, the heart will overflow
With such a gush of love and thankfulness
As would be tears on earth. And not the less
Shall God be praised, though gratitude may seem
To hush the soul, and seraph powers suppress;
And well the rescued child of earth may deem
The archangel's loftiest strain too lowly for his theme.

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
O! who can half the fervor tell
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more,
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

THE WORLD.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd;
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!
There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!
There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!
There faith lifts up the tearful eye;
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

NOTICES.

TRAVELS IN THE GREAT WESTERN PRAIRIES AND IN THE OREGON TERRITORY. By Thos. J. Farnham. New York.—Oregon is now drawing to itself the sober attention of many of our citizens. Until recently, no serious effort has been meditated to settle this vast region with an American, civilized population. But this can be no longer affirmed. The missionary stations at different points are probably to be the nuclei of several settlements, which, within ten years, will be rapidly extending the usages and comforts of polished life along the valley of the Willamette and other tributaries of the Columbia. One token of the approaching settlement of Oregon Territory, is the frequent visits which our citizens make beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is no longer a strange thing to meet and converse with travelers who have accomplished this journey. Mr. Farnham's route by land was from near Independence, Missouri, south to the Arkansas River; thence up the river to the mountains. He traveled much in the Oregon Territory; his description of the country is considerably minute, and must be valuable to the Government and to enterprising citizens. Mr. Farnham has something to say of the missionaries. He speaks thus of those sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"Twelve or thirteen miles from the Doctor's, we came in sight of the mission premises. They consisted of three log cabins, a blacksmith shop, and out-buildings, on the east bank of the Willamette, with large and well cultivated farms round about; and a farm, on which were a large frame house, hospital, barn, &c., half a mile to the eastward. We alighted at the last named establishment, and were kindly received by Dr. White and lady. This gentleman is the physician of the mission, and is thoroughly devoted to the amelioration of the physical condition of the natives. For this object, a large hospital was being erected near his dwelling, for the reception of patients. I passed the night with the Doctor and his family, and the following day visited the other mission families. Every one appeared happy in his benevolent work—Mr. Daniel Leslie, in preaching and superintending general matters; Mr. Cyrus Shepard in teaching letters to about thirty half-bred and Indian children; Mr. J. C. Whitecomb in teaching them to cultivate the earth; and Mr. Alanson Beers in blacksmithing for the mission and the Indians, and instructing a few young men in his art. I spent four or five days with these people, and had a fine opportunity to learn their characters, the objects they had in view, and the means they took to accomplish them. They belong to that zealous class of Protestants called Methodist Episcopalians. Their religious feelings are warm, and accompanied with a strong faith and great activity. In energy and fervent zeal they reminded me of the Plymouth pilgrims—so true in heart, and so deeply interested were they with the principles and emotions which they are endeavoring to inculcate upon those around them. Their hospitality and friendship were of the purest and most disinterested character. I shall have reason to remember long and gratefully the kind and generous manner in which they supplied my wants.

"Their object in settling in Oregon, I understood to be twofold: the one and principal, to civilize and Christianize the Indians; the other and not less important, the establishment of religious and literary institutions for the benefit of white emigrants. Their plan of operation on the Indians, is to learn their various languages, for the purposes of itinerant preaching, and of teaching the young the English language. The scholars are also instructed in agriculture, the regulations of a well managed household, reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. The principles and duties of the Christian religion, form a very considerable part of the system. They have succeeded very satisfactorily in the several parts of their undertaking. The preachers of the mission have traversed the wilderness, and by their untiring devotion to their work, wrought many changes in the moral condition of those proverbially debased savages; while with their schools they have afforded them ample means for intellectual improvement. They have a number of hundred acres of land under the plough, and cultivated chiefly by the native pupils. They have more than 100 head of horned

cattle, 30 or 40 horses, and many swine. They have granaries filled with wheat, oats, barley, and peas, and cellars well stored with vegetables.

"A site had already been selected on the opposite side of the river for an academical building, a court of justice had been organized by the popular voice; a military corps was about to be formed for the protection of settlers, and other measures were in progress, at once showing that the American, with his characteristic energy and enterprise, and the philanthropist, with his holy aspirations for the betterment of the human condition, had crossed the snowy barrier of the mountain, to mingle with the dashing waves of the Pacific seas the sweet music of a busy and virtuous civilization."

We gather from Mr. Farnham's record of travels and observations, that the region west of the Rocky Mountains is of moderate agricultural value; that much of its soil is sterile, partly on account of its poverty, and partly from annual drouths. He inserts in the conclusion of the volume, "Extracts from the report of Lieutenant Wilkes to the Secretary of the Navy, of the examination, by the exploring expedition, of the Oregon Territory." Lieutenant Wilkes concludes his report thus:

"To conclude, few portions of the globe, in my opinion, are to be found so rich in soil, so diversified in surface, or so capable of being rendered the happy abode of an industrious and civilized community. For beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate, it is not surpassed. It is peculiarly adapted for an agricultural and pastoral people, and no portion of the world beyond the tropics can be found that will yield *so readily with moderate labor, to the wants of man.*"

Of this testimony Mr. Farnham says:

"Mr. Wilkes' statistics of the territory, it will be seen, agree in all essential particulars with those given on previous pages. There is one point only of any importance that needs to be named, in regard to which truth requires a protest; and that is contained in the commander's concluding remarks. It will be seen on reference to them, that the agricultural capabilities of Oregon are placed above those of any part of the world beyond the tropics. This is a most surprising conclusion; at war with his own account of the several sections which he visited, and denied by every intelligent man living in the territory. What! Oregon, in this respect, equal to California, or the Valley of the Mississippi! This can never be until Oregon be blessed with a vast increase of productive soil, and California and our own unequalled valley be greatly changed."

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR FROM THE STATE OF INDIANA TO THE OREGON TERRITORY, in the year 1841-2. By Joseph Williams.—Mr. Williams is a local preacher. He commenced his journey on the 26th of April, 1841, at the advanced age of 64; his object was to see the country, and preach the Gospel to the settlers and Indians. He struck into the great prairies west of the border settlements alone, the company with which he wished to travel having started several days in advance. Two hundred miles of the journey, through the midst of the Pawnees, he was a solitary wanderer, and must have been aware that his danger was extreme; but he seems to have cherished strong confidence in God. Mr. Williams visited the missionary stations of the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches. He speaks discouragingly of them, and deems the prospect of great usefulness on the part of the laborers very faint. He thinks that several posts might be selected for missionary labor more promising than those occupied by the present missionaries. He believes that the Indians are fast perishing from the soil. The description he gives of them forms a most repulsive sketch of human depravity and its consequent miseries. He represents the root diggers as dying in such numbers from starvation that often their deserted lodges are filled with their bodies. They shoot, strangle, and bury alive their own children, or, in case of necessity, feed upon them; and often adults kill and feed upon each other. On page 38, he says, "These creatures have been known, when pressed with hunger, to kill their children and eat them!—when traveling in a hurry they leave their lame and blind to perish in the wilderness. A Frenchman, who lived with an Indian woman, when one of his children became burdensome, dug a grave and

buried it alive. At another time he took one of his children and tied it to a tree, called it a target, and shot at and killed it. This place (Fort Rubedeau) is equal to any I ever saw for wickedness and idleness. The French and Spaniards are all Roman Catholics; but are as wicked men, I think, as ever lived. No one who has not, like me, witnessed it, can have any idea of their wickedness."

Such a picture of the morals of the people does not fully apply to the whole territory. Mr. Williams represents the conduct of the settlers on the Willamette and at Vancouver in a less repulsive, though it must be confessed, not in a very amiable light.

We should judge from the notes of the traveler, that the soil and climate of Oregon are not inviting. Comparatively small regions are productive, but much of the country sterile; and as a whole, we presume that, for agricultural purposes, it will prove to be greatly inferior to the inhabited portions of the United States.

DISSERTATIONS ON THE PROPHECIES RELATIVE TO THE SECOND ADVENT. By Geo. Duffield, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit. New York: Dayton & Newman.—Mr. Duffield has given to the public a book which could not fail, at any time, to excite deep interest, and rouse to anxious inquiry. Much more, at present, will it provoke serious attention, and become the occasion of diligent and careful study. The author argues in favor of the pre-millennial, personal advent of our Savior. The book is divided into sixteen chapters, which discuss the following themes: The Duty of Studying the Prophecies—The System of Interpretation—The Nature of Figurative Language—Symbolical and Typical Language—A General Outline of the Literal and Spiritual System of Interpreting the Prophecies—Traditionary History—The Principles of Interpretation Applied, and the Second Coming of Christ Shown to be Pre-millennial—The Coming of Christ is Prior to the Destruction of Popery—The Nature of the Day of Judgment Supposed to Afford an Objection Against the Pre-millennial Coming of Christ—The Season and Signs of Christ's Coming—The Skeptic's Objection.

We have not perused the writings of Mr. Miller. He is represented by many as superficial. No such charge can lie against Mr. Duffield. His work is the fruit of patient and profound investigation. We have read nothing on the prophecies, whether of an early or recent date, more indicative of ripe scholarship, of a familiar acquaintance with the rules of interpretation, and of talent and skill in the application of those rules. He expects the personal advent of Christ, to set up his kingdom on earth. The advent and the gathering of the Jews will, he argues, be nearly cotemporary events. In this he differs from Mr. Miller. He announces no particular year or age for this advent, but supposes that the period is near, and that the Church should be looking for it. He deems that no such change as is implied in the "conversion of the world" is to be expected.

We can say, in conclusion, that the perusal of this work has convinced us of two things which were previously disputable points: First, that Christians ought to study the prophecies. Second, that they have neglected it till the Church, both in her ministers and members, is exceedingly ignorant of their import.

N. B. The "Spirit of the Age," a monthly magazine edited by Dr. Breckenridge, of Baltimore, has reached us. The whole number is occupied with an able review of the above work, in which, if we understand the position of the author, he wholly maintains the views of Mr. Duffield. He harmonizes with Mr. Duffield in regard to the importance of studying the prophecies, and suggests that this will be important to the just action of ecclesiastical courts on questions connected with the prophetic Scriptures.

A REVIEW OF PROFESSOR STOWE'S "MILLENNIAL ARITHMETIC." By Walter Scott.—Our readers will find a brief notice of Professor Stowe's "Letter to Dr. Mussey on the Millennial Arithmetic" in the April number of the Repository. The object of the writer was to prove the "utter groundlessness of all millennial arithmetic." Dr. Stowe aimed chiefly to establish two points, namely, First, "Day, in the prophetic writings, does

not" mean year. Second, "To pretend to fix the date of the millenium is directly to contradict the authority of Christ and his apostles." We think that, on the former point, Mr. Scott has shown that, in the symbolical prophetic style, a day means a year; and that, in regard to fixing the date, we may hope to ascertain the century, though not the precise time of the millenium.

FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS: Being a History of Christian Martyrdom from the Earliest to the Latest Periods of Christian Persecution. By the Rev. John Fox, A. M. With copious and important additions. Philadelphia: Jas. M. Campbell, 98 Chesnut-street.—This instructive biography is being issued as a supplement to the Select Library of Religious Literature. It is a standard work, and as a record of the sufferings of the Church, will never be displaced by any other. Martyrology should be studied, as a development of the depravity of man, and of the enormities which it is capable of enacting, when forsaken by the restraints of grace.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. SARAH HAWKES, Late of Islington, Including Remarks in Conversation, and Extracts from Sermons and Letters of the late Richard Cecil. By Catharine Cecil. Philadelphia: J. Wrentham.—Mrs. Hawkes had clear views of the evil of sin and of the doctrines of grace. Her faith was strong, yet she was remarkable for humility. In great trials she was very patient. She was an eminent Christian. Some of her last words in death, as written down by a friend to whom they were addressed, are as follows: "Make more acquaintance with God, and then you will hang upon him more. Do not trouble yourself about your dispensation, but cleave to him. Give me a sweet touch of drawing to him—and to say, God is my God and hiding place. Wash me from all self-righteousness. O I had not a shred. I have thought better of myself than I ought to think; now I think only of my Savior. I believe my faith has been right faith. Satan has been permitted to thrust at me; but I trust I am able to say, in very faithfulness and righteousness, He does all. And now I cast myself on him—take me as I am—make me as thou art." She suffered much, but submissively, in death.

THE "AMERICAN MESSENGER" is a monthly sheet published at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, by the American Tract Society. We have received the fifth number. Its subscribers are already about ten thousand. Its motto is, "An evangelical ministry, an active Church, and a sanctified press, the hope of the world." It is truly a paper "for the times." It rebukes the profligacy of the press, and speaks as it should of novel reading and its results. We sincerely wish that it could reach every family in the United States. Six copies for a year, beginning in January, for one dollar in advance. Let companies be formed in every neighborhood, and send to No. 13, North Seventh-street, Philadelphia, for this excellent and cheap paper.

LETTERS ON THE SUBJECTS AND MODE OF BAPTISM. By J. T. Hendrick, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Eagle Book-store, Maysville, Ky.—This is a good treatise on the themes announced. Its historical proofs of the early practice of infant baptism are conclusive. Such a work was needed in Kentucky, and will be of general advantage to the Scriptural usage which it vindicates. It is a 12mo. of 200 pages.

THE MAGNOLIA; OR, SOUTHERN APALACHIAN.—This periodical, published in Charleston, South Carolina, by P. C. Pondleton, and Burgess and James, is much improved in its appearance, and is one of our most beautiful monthlies. Its contents display much talent, and some of its articles are of great literary value. Its "Editorial Bureau" is rich in criticism, and shows that its columns are under the supervision of a trained and skillful mind. We have no fault to object against it, except that it is of a fashionable cast, reciting frequent tales of love, treachery, robbery, and murder; but in this respect it is by several degrees more sober and discreet than most of its cotemporaries. Novel readers might profitably substitute it for several other magazines of more vicious moral tendency, and of less literary value.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"MILLERISM."—This article was admitted into our columns under the express stipulation that the Editor should express his own views, with as strong opposition as he might please, to those set forth by his correspondent. That our opposition may not seem cynical or wanton, in any degree, we will begin with approval. We agree with the author in her vindication of Mr. Miller's Christian character. We have never been able to gather from credible sources any proofs of Mr. Miller's insincerity, ambition, or worldliness of purpose, in teaching as he does concerning the day of judgment. We have, on the other hand, strong testimony from good men, who are well acquainted with his manner of life, that he is a consistent and truthful Christian. But his sincerity is one thing, and the consistency and utility of his doctrines is another thing. We wish to observe on the latter point:

1. That he does not seem to have adopted any particular mode of interpretation. He is neither a literalist nor a spiritualist—rather he is both by turns, and resorts to all methods of interpretation, as happens to suit his general purpose, and contribute support to his established views. This looseness of method more than draws in question his qualifications as an interpreter of prophecy. The reader will perceive at once that little dependence can be placed upon results which are reached by no uniform rule or method of exposition.

2. Mr. Miller greatly errs in some of his conclusions. For example, he applies Daniel xii, 11, which speaks of the taking away of the daily [sacrifice,] to the cessation of the Pagan abominations, and the substitution of the Papacy. No application of this part of Daniel's prophecy could be less warrantable than this. The wildest fancy, it seems to us, could invent nothing more remote from the truth. This is one instance, amongst others, in which Mr. Miller falls into gross error.

3. Another feature of Mr. Miller's course, which ought to be promptly rebuked, is his bearing toward those who differ from him. He deems all who do not embrace his views of the advent "foolish virgins," and consigns them over to perdition. Ministers who do not preach as he does, that 1843 brings along with it the end of all things, are accounted deceivers, and are classed with false teachers. This is a stretch of arrogance which, were it not for our strong resolve of charity, would lead us to question Mr. Miller's sincerity. But we will refrain, and only say, that he is probably an example of the length to which an untrained, indiscreet, and partially sanctified mind may wander from a decorous Christian bearing and yet be sincere. While, however, we admit him to be honest and devout, we claim that thousands of those ministers whom he so improperly reproaches are equally pious, and inconceivably better informed than he in Christian theology.

We are convinced that no moral or religious good can result from Mr. Miller's effort to convince the world of the near approach of the judgment. On the other hand, it will produce serious evils, some of which are already developed, and others are sure to follow:—

1. One great evil is the diversion of the mind from the saving truths of the Gospel. The depravity of the heart, the purity of God's law, the sufferings of Christ, and the penal sanctions of truth, are the efficient doctrines of revelation. These are less studied in proportion as Mr. Miller's views gain the sinner's attention.

2. Even Christians, by yielding their thoughts to the theme of his lectures, are diverted from those meditations, and from those means of holiness by which they may expect to mature their Christian character.

3. Those who adopt Mr. Miller's views read the Bible less for practical purposes or moral guidance, than as a book of enigmas, which human ingenuity is to solve for entertainment. They study it not so much to learn what *they ought* to do, as to ascertain what God is about to enact.

4. "Star gazing" has become common. Mr. Miller may have roused some to read the Bible, but he has stirred up more still to study the aspects of the heavens. Phenomena familiar to past generations are now viewed as fearful portents, forewarning us of the world's approaching dissolution.

5. The excitable are become so sensitive to what they deem fearful or alarming, that they cannot meditate calmly, and are in no frame to "consider their ways and turn their feet unto God's testimonies."

6. Some such are driven to despair, and are found, at length, inmates of mad houses. When this result follows the preaching of clearly revealed truth, man is not to be blamed; but when it results from unwarrantable teachings, it is sinful.

7. Infidels are gathering strength and boldness from these efforts to interpret the chronological prophecies.

8. The agitations produced by this theme are aids to other gross heresies, such as Mormonism, and other errors of equal fraud and folly.

9. Disputations amongst brethren have arisen out of the contrary views which spring up on this theme. "Mark those which cause divisions." Not that blame attaches to the ministry of clearly revealed truth, even if that truth cause divisions. But Mr. Miller preaches what is not clearly revealed. Nay, he preaches some things which we believe are contrary to truth. He does it, we think, without any intention to deceive, but as being *self-deceived*. He ought, by diligent prayer for deliverance, to escape his delusion, and come to the light.

By these remarks we are far from purposing any diminution of a solemn regard for the eventful period in which we live. Revolutions, we doubt not, such as men have never known, are just before us. We need not resort to extravagant expositions of the prophecies to make out the case. Nor need we watch for physical tokens of their approach. The signs of the times are to be looked for in the moral world; and surely they are enough to satisfy the most intemperate lover of the marvelous. We agree with the author of the following paragraph—a gentleman more remarkable for sound judgment than for poetic enthusiasm. He says:

"Ever since the French Revolution peculiar events, both moral and political, have been transpiring. The nations of the earth are rearing the standard of infidelity: Popery is propagating its abominations; the Ottoman empire is wasting away; the Gospel is extensively propagated, and has been preached in nearly every nation on earth; the Bible has been translated into more than one hundred and fifty languages; an extraordinary movement has been made in favor of the Jews; the world is sunk in fatal security and indifference, and laughs at the thought of danger; a large portion of the Church, like the foolish virgins, are fallen asleep; the preparation is making for a fearful crisis; the kings and rulers of the earth are leaguering and conspiring together, and becoming involved more and more in their ambitious schemes and enterprises, and the Lord is pouring out his Spirit and sealing his people. Verily, we must be blind indeed, if we cannot discern the signs of the times."

LADIES' ORNAMENTS.—A foreign female missionary objects to the use of ornaments: 1. That they are unnecessary. 2. That they are a waste. 3. That they are inconvenient. 4. That they injure the mind. 5. That they are humiliating. 6. That they are a relic of heathenism. Mrs. Judson—a name dear to religion—once sent forth a strong appeal to the pious females of America on this subject. It was not generally regarded. We would be pleased to see it re-published. Perhaps, speaking from the grave, she might be heard by some who disregarded her living testimony. It seems to us that the time cannot be distant when, in this respect, a great change in favor of sobriety and godliness shall come upon the female portion of the Church. This would be like life from the dead to the cause of missions, and of all Christian charities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Washingtonian's Wife," "Lan-gartha," and the lines from "E. A. W.," all have merit; but they are evidently from unpracticed writers, who would probably write prose with better prospects of success. Poetry must be *very good*, or it is not even tolerable. One word amiss will spoil a volume. Those who are not well acquainted with the laws of versification should never venture in this field. Several articles of poetry were excluded from this number, which will be inserted in following numbers. The lines from Texas are too eulogistic to be inserted in the paper which is their theme.